VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ AND PARODY

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VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ

AND

PARODY.

With other Essays.

BY

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PREFACE.

To mingle the instructive and the amusing, in fit and fair proportion, is no easy task, but this is what the author of the present little volume has aimed at. Goethe, not without a certain unconscious self-revelation, said sneeringly of parody: "I have never concealed what an implacable enemy I am to all parody and travesty; but it is only on this account that I am so, because this base brood pulls down the noble, the beautiful, the great, in order to make an end of them." Notwithstanding the sneer of so great a master, the author believes that, when viewed in a proper spirit, parody may be both instructive and amusing. When some part of the portion here given on that subject appeared in the *British Quarterly Review*, it was received with peculiar favour; the *Spectator* remarking: "There is some admirable criticism in 'Parody and Parodists.' We have never seen the real nature of parody better defined." The author trusts that none of his kindly critics may have any reason now to change their opinion of the essays of which they before spoke so favourably.

H. A. PAGE.

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VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ AND PARODY.

ARTIFICIAL forms of society inevitably develop artificial forms of literature. As the comparative anatomist reconstructs a whole animal from a tooth or a toe-bone, so the philosophical speculator or the skilful critic may guess at the most complex conditions of life from a song or even a versicle. This service has been rendered by Mr. James Davies in his studies of Tibullus, Catullus, and Propertius; and Horace and Juvenal have yielded worlds to scholars like Conington and Sellar. The same problems, we may well believe, will remain for future workers in reference to our time. They will, perhaps, guess more efficiently at our manners and our modes of thought, at the pastimes of our lighter hours, and our airiest talk "across the walnuts and the wine," by reference to the verses of Praed and Locker, Mortimer Collins, Calverley,

Tom Hood, Austin Dobson, and their *confrères*, than by study of sterner literature. It is only preparing the way, by a very slight stage, if we endeavour at present to make clear to ourselves the action and functions of two forms of artificial literature — that of Parody and Society-Verse, — on which it is quite certain that some characteristics of our day have specially impressed themselves, as is testified by the great demand for such productions. And if it should seem to any reader that we venture on themes too light and frivolous, then we have simply to reply that if, as we have already suggested, the reader will but project his soul far enough forward, and look at matters present as if they were distant, he may, if he pleases, be philosophic enough in his meditations.

I.—Parody and Society-Verse Contrasted.

Society-verses and Parody are the products of similar conditions—the craving for relief from the graver and more irksome concerns of life, by which they are nevertheless necessarily tinged. They are

alike safety-valves from preoccupations that might else be fatal, and indicate some failure of the resources open to those who lead simpler lives. They run to some extent alongside each other, but they lean very different ways in their ultimate drift. Most of their points of affinity are found through form, very few through substance. To be successful, both the parodist and the writer of *Vers de Société* must have faculties for metre carefully exercised, a dainty facility in catching the flow of favourite rhythms, and considerable familiarity with what in these respects has been already accomplished. Both, too, must be careful not to rise above a certain level of familiar forms, else to both alike one element of attractiveness, through association, will inevitably be lost.

The writer of *Vers de Société* may thus be said to stand ever on the verge of the field of Parody ; but one of his chief merits may be said to lie in neatly tripping along the very boundary-line and never tumbling over. For Parody lies confessedly on a lower level of art. The parodist pure and simple is not a maker at all. To steal an image from the field of science, we may say that he is a kind of parasite, that exists only by reason of what strength remains to the organism to which he has attached

himself. The writer of *Vers de Société* concerns himself with real affections, whims, affectations, caprices, lightly-scornful contradictions, little innocent pretences and hypocrisies, whose saucy *nonchalance* and dainty grace are their justification. He deals with love as a sort of secondary sentiment, that can easily surrender itself to propriety; he exposes the point where manner and courtesy scathe the higher passion and cause it to retire with an accompanying ripple of subdued laughter. A delicious scorn, a playfulness that is occasionally tender, only in order to give the more effect to graceful airy satire—that is his characteristic. But his strength lies in this, that he seeks to picture a world that has its counterpart in reality. His delicate scorn may veil deep feeling. He must be a master of innocent disguises. He will tell no secret if he can help it, and yet he often *confesses* to us, when concealing the stirrings of the heart, by the surprises of a happy banter. He will hide a tear as he points a jest; or by the expedient of a clever conceit he will divert us from the suggestion of the grave and painful problems clearly realized. His very raillery not seldom reveals a glimpse of the serious side of things by the passion it is fain to hide. The writer of *Vers de Société* is ironical, but

he should never be cruelly so. His first ambition ought to be to please and to divert; and if he cannot do this without any real injury to the bloom of the better feelings, then he has failed in a prime requisite of his art. The following Rondeau, which appeared in one of our hebdomadal Humorists, pretty fairly expresses this principle, though it did not have strictly in view Society-verses, when it was written:—

> Fair reader of our comic page,
> 'Mid pun, and joke, and sarcasm crushing,
> There's nothing in it will engage
> To set your pure, sweet face a-flushing.
>
> There's kindly word for honest men,
> There's keen contempt for paltry duffers,
> Who take to throwing mud; but then
> Their skin it is—not ours—that suffers.
>
> For laugh and chaff and decent jest,
> For wisdom mad, and folly sage,
> Here you may safely be addressed
> Fair reader of our comic page.

The world of the writer of Society-Verse is thus no counterfeit one, however conventional it may seem. It has its own laws, and these guide and

govern his ideal. He must be well bred; his humour must not entangle itself in alien imagery. It is pre-eminently a self-contained world, and his muse must close her eyes to what is in itself simple and universal. No great thought, no mighty image, that seems magnet-wise to select and draw to itself all that is kindred from the widest contrasts of circumstance, must he indulge in. That would be to spoil the tone that ought to obtain—the tone of urban polish and perfect self-restraint. He must, in view of this, fetter his muse, though it be with silk: if she move not the more nimbly with such fetters, he has mistaken his vocation. He must be dainty, full of verbal resource, fanciful, and true so far as he goes; but never so deeply in earnest as not easily to glide into an opposing mood, nor careful to do aught more than cause to lift the eyelid, shrug the shoulder, raise a well-bred smile. To laugh outright were too much.

The parodist, again, is concerned merely to raise as loud a laugh as he can, by bringing a trivial idea and a great one (or one that his original aimed at making great) into sudden and unexpected collision, clothed as near as may be in the same dress. He is a harlequin, who dances for a moment in the tragedian's costume. He would be of no con-

sequence in himself, had he not somehow got access to that costume. But he has got access to it, and he manœuvres so oddly that we cannot help for the moment admiring his dexterity, though now and then, even as we laugh, we cannot escape a passing twinge of regret that we shall hereafter recall his wry faces, and funny nods and becks and grins, when next we see the master himself on the stage. One pleasure is apt to cancel or to lessen another. If we enjoy the parody a little is taken from the poem. A new association has inwoven itself with its metre, its movement, its rhythm and something is lost.

The parodist has thus two things to be on his guard against. He needs, in view of immediate impression, to emphasize a mannerism, a catch-word, a favourite turn or a trick of metre—this lies in the conception of his sphere of work—and yet to do no real despite to the general spirit which chiefly it must be that lifts his original into the position which justifies his being parodied. Under his satirical or off-taking temper should be apparent a wider tolerance, an admiring affection, a certain enthusiasm held in reserve. Without this, Parody must ever tend to become mean, personal, and truculent.

This point was admirably illustrated by the brothers Horace and James Smith, in relation to their own parodies of Wordsworth. As their purpose in reference to this poet had by several critics been seriously misconceived, they distinctly stated in the preface to their second edition that no man could hold a higher opinion of Wordsworth's great poetic gifts, or entertain a deeper reverence for his teachings and character. They had therefore, they urged, abstained from parodying his loftier efforts on principle, devoting themselves entirely to carrying innocently into exaggeration the affected simplicity and bald conceits of the most affected and conceited of his ballads as they regarded them. If they erred in any individual case, the principle was clear.

The other thing we have referred to is that the parodist ought to have regard to the language in which he works—that it may suffer no serious prejudice through his exercises. This is an important point which cannot be too distinctly emphasized. Anybody of decent education can write what will roughly sound as an imitation of a favourite poem: the true parodist should deepen our respect for his author even as he raises the laugh at him, as it is well known that we cannot laugh kindlily and heartily

at what we do not love. And if it may in one sense be said, as it has been said, that the parodist is not bound to have in view any real world whatever—here is a standard up to which he ought to work. Even the parodist is not a wild poet,

> that works
> Without a conscience or an aim;

but is subject to a clear law, moral and distinct. Yet we allow that his immediate end is merely amusing verbal contrast. If he gives us more than this it is beyond the bargain. He then approves himself something of a poet too. If he allows a free creative humour to steal in, he simply risks thus the reducing of the force that may be gained by emphasis of merely external peculiarities—which is primarily his business as parodist. And herein lies, as we conceive, the critical test of true Parody. It has been very well said:—"The first function of the parodist is to exaggerate obvious peculiarities—to flash a light upon them; to make out of them what he calls 'points,' by twisting them to new and surprising results of his own. Therefore in Parody you can only produce the mere fringe of the mere garment of art. That mode which is born of mood you cannot touch. This is what makes Parody an

unsatisfactory line of work to a true poet—to him whose artistic instinct and yearning after perfection are stronger than common, and who knows that, unless his mimicry is deeper than Parody allows, it is superficial and puerile after all." This goes a good way towards the truth, but not altogether.

Parody, if we view it in the light of usefulness, may be regarded as a defence against mannerism and oddity on the part of those who have privilege, and might abuse it by too extreme indulgence in outward peculiarities. In this respect, as we shall see, it may be a corrective and an aid in the midst of artificial conditions such as alone could sustain it.

It thus comes about that, though the delicacy and graceful reserve and self-restraint which the writer of *Vers de Société* endeavours to attain as respects form might tempt him to exercises in Parody, he will generally, for a deeper reason, eschew it ; and this because the very necessity of emphasizing and rendering ridiculous what is most characteristic in other men's writing would tend to encourage a false emphasis. In no instance, perhaps, is this better illustrated than in one or two specimens to be found in the "Boudoir Ballads" of Mr. Ashby-Sterry — a point which will be made generally appreciable by a few stanzas from his

poems, in which the echo of another note at once steals away from the unity of effect, while he is precipitated into verbal vulgarity, in spite of his clever alliterations and exceptional rhythms. Here are the stanzas :—

O the vision of girlish distresses,
The pitiful pouting of pets!
As they chat over "knock-about" dresses,
And talk over thick ulsterettes.
Ah! the chorus of maidens ecstatic,
Who long for the Chamouni pines;
For a glimpse of the blue Adriatic,
Or sight of the rich Apennines.

O the picture of packing and pleasure,
The flutter that reigns in the nest;
And the mixture of labour and leisure—
The days full of bustle and rest.
As the queen of the flitting unravels
New plans for the pluming of wings;
Or perchance slumbers o'er "Tiny Travels,"
Or sweetly "The Vagabond" sings.

* * * *

Will you dream 'neath a snowy umbrella,
With Tauchnitz, each hot afternoon?
Will you go to the Isola Bella,
Or row by the light of the moon?
Will you lounge 'neath the pink oleander,
Comparing this year with the last?
Will e'er less (!) in the garden meander,
And think with regret of the past!

But it hardly needs to be said that Mr. Ashby-Sterry is not at his best there; but in quite other and simpler efforts, such as this :—

NUMBER ONE.

Portrait of a Young Lady, "No. 1," in a Collection of One thousand five hundred and eighty-three works, at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

My favourite, you must know,
In the Piccadilly show,
  Is the portrait of a lass
    Bravely done.
'Mid the fifteen eighty-three
Works of art that you may see,
  There is nothing can surpass
    "Number One."

Very far above the line
Is this favourite of mine;
  You may see her smiling there
    O'er the crowds.
If you bring a good *lorgnette*,
You may see my dainty pet,
  Like the Jungfrau, pink and fair,
    'Mid the clouds.

My enchanting little star,
How I wonder what you are,
  With your rosy laughing lips
    Full of fun.
Have you many satellites,
Do you shine so bright o' nights
  That there's nothing can eclipse
    "Number One."

I sincerely envy him
Who the fortune had to limn
  Your bewitching hazel eyes
    With his brush;
Who could study every grace
In your winsome little face,
  And the subtle charm that lies
    In your blush.

If I knew but your papa
Could I only "ask mamma,"
  It is clear indeed to me
    As the sun
That thro' all this weary life,
'Mid its pleasure, pain, and strife,
All my care and love should be
    "Number One."

II.—Vers de Société.

Mr. Tom Hood, in his admirable little essay on *Vers de Société*, well points out that the term Society-Verse scarcely expresses what is meant by the French term,—and that it is unfortunate we have no better. He opposes Society in this connection, not to the million, but to solitude. He

goes on to add:—"It belongs to social, every-day life, and is written by, and written for, 'men of the world.' It is rather the elegant and polished treatment of some topic of interest than the lofty and removed contemplation of some extensive theme." This definition may be accepted as fair, though not absolutely exhaustive; for surely in good Society-Verse there should be much for others beside what are strictly to be denominated "*men of the world.*" Mr. Locker, and Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Calverley might well object to this *prima facie* narrowing of their audience from which matrons and maidens are alike cruelly excluded, though doubtless they form a large part of the audience so deeply desired by Society-poets! Mr. Tom Hood's arbitrary limitation in his definition is the more extraordinary and unaccountable in that he, at a later part, claims an element of humanity "and permanence of interest" for all true Society-Verse—only it must be half-disguised—veiled in "wreathed smiles and becks and nods." Like Thackeray, who did some fine things in this way, the Society-Verse writer "laughs over some things because he does not want you to notice that he is crying!" A great point lies here. The pathetic and serious element is essential to the writer of Society-Verse;

his speciality lies not in any definable elements distinguishing him from the poet pure and simple; but in his mode of expression, which may, so far, be an accident.

True humour and cynicism are inconsistent with each other. Your true cynic is a sceptic also. He is distrustful by nature, suspicious, he scorns Man not because he has fallen below himself, but because he can rise no higher: Byron, for example, in his most sardonic moods, puts himself outside the circle, no matter how clever and ingenious he is. Humour of the truest quality always rests on a foundation of belief in something better than it sees, and its laugh is a sad one at the awkward contrast between man as he is, and man as he might be. In a word, the humorist has an ideal by which all is brought to test. The true writer of Society-Verse is saved from cynicism by the necessity to remain a humorist. Wit alone will not suffice him. He must, in some degree, excite the sensibilities and unconsciously raise the ideal by the mere administration of pleasurable impulse: the suggestion of new relations and affinities in life. He does not commit himself to definite standards, still he seeks to widen the sympathies.

As Parody stands ever on the border of the

Vers de Société field, and loses its true identity if it over-passes the boundary; so *Vers de Société* itself ever tends to lose its true characteristics under a kind of necessary law of ascent. By this is meant that the artificial atmosphere of Society-Verse proper can only be held in relation to the poet, for musical and artistic ends, by his ever and anon drawing an inspiration from a field above it. Else it would become merely conventional and artificial, and as such it would be repudiated by the world it professedly paints, which also needs elevation, escape from its own pre-occupations in a thinly-veiled ideal image of them. Thus he must rise, and must lift up the reader, even while he seems merely to skim along a very determinate plane. All the best writers of *Vers de Société* have been also, in their measure, true poets, which means that they often wrote what is more than *Vers de Société* when they professed to write no more than that. There is thus a line to be drawn critically and theoretically between a certain order of poetry proper and *Vers de Société*, but it is very hard to draw it in practice. One who knows the subject well has written:

"The primary meaning of the term *Vers de Société* is, I take it, that the verses referred to

treat * of the doings of persons who move in the artificial atmosphere which is known as 'Society;' for example, the verses of Praed — or what people mean by the verses of Praed—'My own Araminta,' and 'The Belle of the Ball,' but I do not even know that 'The Vicar' and 'Quince' strictly come under the class. According to this standard, very little of the work of Mr. Austin Dobson, a section only of that of Mr. Locker and Mr. Calverley, comes under the definition. The rest is minor poetry, more often tinged with humour, but not necessarily *Vers de Société*. 'Verses of Humanity' would be better: but directly we get this, we use a term applicable to much so-called modern poetry."

But wherever you have a true poet at work, even in the artificial atmosphere of Society-Verse, he will embue it with touches which properly lift it above the merely artificial plane. For example, is Mr. Austin Dobson's "Incognita" *Vers de Société*, or minor poetry of a high order? We hold it is both, just as we hold that Thackeray's best efforts are both; and that whenever you begin to draw a hard line, you must break the poems in halves.

* Yes; but they treat of them in a specific way, that is fancifully or imaginatively, not merely with elegance or wit, though elegance and wit may be brought to the service.

A hard-and-fast line cannot really be drawn with any hope of finality, or even efficiency.

Society-Verse, in our sense of it, includes certain products of all polished times, which become fully or imaginatively realisable only through experience, more or less direct, of similar conditions. Anacreon in Greek very frequently, Theocritus sometimes, is in the mood. Petrarch once or twice in his sonnets approaches to it, and oftener in his earlier odes, notwithstanding the affected depth of his passion for Laura, which should have so steadied his flight as to prevent all playful curvings and circlings and billings and cooings of the Society-Verse kind. Yet he now and then gains fine effect and relief from slipping into a truly playful vein. What, for instance, shall we say to the 5th and the 10th Sonnets, not to go any further? Here are free renderings of them for the reader's benefit, should he not read Italian :—

WHEN moved by sighs I call thee by the name
That in my heart is written fair of Love,
LAUd-like it sounds, of sweetest accents wove,
As my fond tongue begins the word to frame.

Your REgal state that next asserts its claim
Doubles my courage the emprise to prove;
But "Tarry," cries the last, "for powers above
All that ye boast alone could reach this fame."

Thus all who call you by that word again
Are taught at once to LAUd and to REvere,
For praise and reverence are your rightful state.

Unless, perchance, Apollo should disdain
The mortal tongue that, strange to fitting fear,
Around his greeny boughs should lightly prate.

GLORIOUS Colonna, like a column strong,
Our hopes thou bearest of the Latin name,
Thou still dost calmly hold thy virtuous fame,
Even while the Pope condemns thee as for wrong.

Here is no palace, theatre, galleries long,
But fir and beech and pine put forth their claim
To stir the soul with true poetic flame
Amid green grass and hills and sweet birds' song.

Raised from the earth to heaven our spirits soar,
As soft the Nightingale in woodland shade
Pours all night long his melancholy strain.

With loving thoughts the heart grows more and more;
Oh, why is scene so fair imperfect made
Because my lord must absent still remain!

Horace—the product of a highly artificial period of Roman life—is, for most part, in the vein; and

Mr. Austin Dobson assimilates and reproduces this element of vague regret, yet of radiant self-possession and poignant self-reproof, so admirably because he is in so much Horatian. Let the reader look at his renderings of Horace from the Quartet in his last volume which, moreover have the merit of exhibiting Horatian feeling shaking hands with the new poetic forms—in this case the Rondel and Triolet, of which we shall have to say a few words immediately :—

VITAS HINNULEO.

(Rondel.)

You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy,
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother,
Through trackless woods. If spring-winds sigh,
It vainly strives its fears to smother ;—

Its trembling knees assail each other,
When lizards stir the bramble dry ;—
You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

And yet no Libyan lion I,—
No ravening thing to rend another ;
Lay by your tears, your tremors by,—
A husband's better than a brother ;
Nor shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

PERSICOS ODI.

(Triolets.)

Davus, I detest
  Orient display;
Wreaths on linden drest,
  Davus, I detest.
Let the late rose rest
  Where it fades away:
Davus, I detest
  Orient display.

Nought but myrtle twine
  Therefore, Boy, for me
Sitting 'neath the vine,—
Nought but myrtle twine;
Fitting to the wine,
  Not unfitting thee;
Nougnt but myrtle twine
  Therefore, Boy, for me.

Is this not exactly the tone of Herrick, of Suckling, of Lovelace, of Waller, and Skelton, and the rest of our own English Society-Verse makers, who produced the thing before it had received the name? Nay, is it not the very tone of much in Shakespere, who included, as by law of affinity, every specific tone that poet could touch? Is it not

the tone of Congreve, and of Swift, when he is not sardonic to the extent of dissipating, by bitter breath, the fanciful forms he has created for himself? Prior, and Gay, and Dorset, and Pope—when he can be naïvely playful, which is not so very often, as one would think—are in the vein; so is Goldsmith, and, on one or two occasions, even Cowper, who is then always truly naïf and gently playful. Then there is Praed, and, in a sense, Ingoldsby, and Leigh Hunt, and Landor, and Hood, the elder: and among Scottish writers, Aytoun, Outram, and some others less known; for we shall rank Lord Neaves amongst living writers of this class, because he has distinctly formed a Scottish School of what we must call Society-writers, who describe a full circle from the broadest fun to finest satire and all with the utmost playfulness and good humoured innocence of intent.

But we must not go back on old examples; that would prove endless. We must content ourselves with presenting a few of the most select specimens from writers of our own day, well-contrasted and really illustrative. Nothing could be finer as a general specimen of the *Vers de Société* spirit than this — one of the happiest specimens from the happy pen of Mr. Henry S. Leigh:—

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century lambs at play,
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old:
So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's *not* the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old *régime.*
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give — though it might seem bold —
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.'

Mr. Frederick Locker has the true air of the writer of Society-Verse. He is never too much in earnest, and yet he is never trivial. His humour is of a soft and enticing kind. It shines rather than sparkles. He understands thoroughly what is consistent with his aims, and seldom aims too high. With all the external marks of the "man of the world," he touches the domestic sentiment faithfully, and to fine issue: he is at home in the walks of the heart, and though he can smile with an averted face, it is because he would rather not say all that he feels and finds his pleasures in. He is sincere as well as gay; he is serious as well as naïvely satirical; there is a kindly glow and a firm beat of the pulse felt beneath the courtly polish and polite banter; the veins can be seen under the lily-white hand. His fancy is obedient to his mood, and moves equably even when he is con-

sciously indulging in surprises. Mr. Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson are, now-a-days, frequently named together, and spoken of as though to similar characteristics they owed their measure of success. Mr. Locker lacks a little of Mr. Dobson's subtle feeling for rhythm — he does not attain to the final felicity of some of Mr. Dobson's separate stanzas, though he is less tempted by extensive knowledge into recondite references, odd allusions, and classical bye-play. Mr. Locker's pride is to go as straight to the mark, with unhesitating English frankness, as a Society-Verse writer could go. Mr. Dobson has much more artistic *finesse*. So far as two writers of the same class of verse, taken broadly, could be distinguished, these two are distinguished by this: Mr. Locker is frank as an old English gentleman; Mr. Dobson is reserved and dexterous, and often seeks to evade direct statement or questioning. He is conscious of his power to tantalize and to teach as well as to amuse. He inclines not seldom therefore to parable, to fable, to relieve himself by work which is in essence moral. He has a dash of Hogarth in him, as well as of Horace. He has, too, the modern feeling for nature more strongly developed than Mr. Locker, as seen in such poems as "The Seasons;" and in widening the sphere of his

possible activity, it may tend sometimes to take from him his directness. He is at once finer and richer than Mr. Locker; but Mr. Locker is more concentrated, and sure of his ground. Mr. Dobson loves to experiment, to try new fields, and is apt to ignore the value of the successes he has achieved, and to compromise himself by writing for the mere ingenuity of the thing — "trifling" a little bit, though always like a scholar and a gentleman,— and he has, in the minds of some very good critics, lost a good deal by it. He is more versatile, but less self-sustained, than Mr. Locker; more a man of ideas; more of a student and a scholar than a man of the world—sometimes, indeed, there is a shaded and reserved purity in his verses—as in one notable stanza of "Incognita"— which is almost unexpected, and is not likely to be valued at its true worth by mere readers of Society-Verse. Mr. Locker succeeds by his mixture of good English sense, subdued humour, and complete knowledge of cultivated life; Mr. Dobson succeeds by his nimble fancy, dainty grace of expression, quaint inventiveness, and wide scholarship, sensibility, and general dexterity of intellect which controls it all, and detracts from the sense of spontaneity too largely. He uses his wide learning well, to impart

a weight to his verse which otherwise would be often too trivial. Besides, he has a turn for the courtly farcical or more dignified grotesque, and this, in combination with a power to throw his fancies into dramatic form, raises the expectation that he *might* become a playwright, and succeed in a kind of piece which good society in France particularly admires, and which we may presume that there will be more and more demand for here as knowledge of French literature and French life increases amongst us. Of this we have no promise or suggestion in what Mr. Locker has given to us.

One other point we must notice in Mr. Dobson—it is his remarkable faculty of restoration. He will choose a certain era, and with a few characteristic touches, exhibiting most careful and loving study, even of out-of-the-way books and details, he will present it, pregnant and clear, in a stanza or two. Both his volumes show many instances of this, proving that he is as much an antiquarian as a poet can afford to be. His "Gentleman of the old School" and his "Gentlewoman of the old School" perhaps show him at his best in this line. Sometimes, as in "The Tale of Polypheme," and the "Ballad of Beau Brocade," he condescends to the

veriest trifling in this line also — such trifling as might be left to weaker hands, while he took up work with more humanity and promise of permanence ; for he can write "Verses of Humanity" as well as Verses of Society, and it is doubtful whether his success in the first does not a little spoil him for full success in the last, though his success in the last may only aid him in the attainment of true grace in the first. Such pieces as "The Young Musician" bear witness for him here. But we must justify our deliverance so far by specimens. The first is from Mr. Locker, and is titled : "To my Mistress's Boots," an admirable specimen of fun hiding earnest :—

TO MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

THEY nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat.
This palpitation means,
That these boots are Geraldine's,
Think of that.

Oh, where did hunter win
So delicate a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my sweet.

The fairy stitching gleams
On the toes and in the seams,
And reveals
That Pixies were the wags
Who tipped these funny tags
And these heels.

What soles! so little worn!
Had Crusoe—soul forlorn—
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
How hard he would have tried
For the two.

For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent and fair
As a rose.
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock
To her nose.

Those simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*
To Geraldine's were frights,
And, in truth,
The damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
From her youth.

The mansion—ay, and more,
The cottage of the poor,
Where there's grief
Or sickness, are her choice,
And the music of her voice
Brings relief.

Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty puss-in-boots
These to don,
Set your little hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

By way of complement we may here set down "The Jester's Plea"—a piece in a stricter vein of moralising—nevertheless full of the essential quality of such verse :—

THE JESTER'S PLEA.

These verses were published in 1862, *in a volume of Poems (by several hands), entitled "An Offering to Lancashire."*

THE World! Was jester ever in
A viler than the present?
Yet if it ugly be—as sin,
It almost is—as pleasant!
It is a merry world *(pro tem.)*,
And some are gay, and therefore
It pleases them—but some condemn
The fun they do not care for.

It is an ugly world. Offend
  Good people—how they wrangle !
The manners that they never mend !
  The characters they mangle !
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
  And go to church on Sunday—
And many are afraid of God—
  And more of MRS. GRUNDY.

The time for Pen and Sword was when
  "My ladye fayre," for pity
Could tend her wounded knight, and then
  Grow tender at his ditty !
Some ladies now make pretty songs,—
  And some make pretty nurses :—
Some men are good for righting wrongs,—
  And some for writing verses.

I wish We better understood
  The tax that poets levy !—
I know the Muse is very *good*—
  I think she's rather heavy :
She now compounds for winning ways
  By morals of the sternest—
Methinks the lays of now-a-days
  Are painfully in earnest.

When Wisdom halts, I humbly try
  To make the most of Folly :
If Pallas be unwilling, I
  Prefer to flirt with Polly,—
To quit the goddess for the maid
  Seems low in lofty musers—
But Pallas is a haughty jade—
  And beggars can't be choosers.

I do not wish to see the slaves
  Of party, stirring passion,
Or psalms quite superseding staves,
  Or piety "the fashion."
I bless the Hearts where pity glows,
  Who, here together banded,
Are holding out a hand to those
  That wait so empty-handed!

A righteous Work!—My masters, may
  A Jester by confession,
Scarce noticed join, half sad, half gay,
  The close of your procession?
The motley here seems out of place
  With graver robes to mingle,
But if one tear bedews his face,
  Forgive the bells their jingle.

Mr. Austin Dobson can touch a yet lighter strain, and impart to it a tone of truest elevation and dainty fragrancy of finish. This is a specimen, though we were for a moment or two divided between it and the piece called "Incognita."—

DORA *versus* ROSE.

"*The case is proceeding.*"

From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—
  At least, on a practical plan—
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
  One love is enough for a man.

But no case that I ever yet met is
  Like mine : I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
  And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—
  Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers ;
  Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
In short, to distinguish is folly ;
  'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly—
  Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rose I have singled
  For a soft celebration in rhyme,
Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
  Somehow with the tune and the time ;
Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
  To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s
And behold I am writing upon it
  The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
  Is all overscrawled with her head),
If I fancy at last that I've got her,
  It turns to her rival instead ;
Or I find myself placidly adding
  To the rapturous tresses of Rose
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
  Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
For Rose I would perish *(pro tem.)*;
For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
(Whatever might offer to stem);
But to make the invidious election,—
To declare that on either one's side
I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection,
I *cannot* decide.

And as either so hopelessly nice is,
My sole and my final resource
Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
Some feat of molecular force,
To solve me this riddle conducive
By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
Of Dora *and* Rose.

(Afterthought.)

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
Not quite so delightful as Rose—
Not wholly so charming as Dora,—
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
As the claims of the others are equal,—
And flight—in the main—is the best,—
That I might . . . But no matter,—the sequel
Is easily guessed.

Mr. Mortimer Collins has written one or two admirable pieces which, however,—though of first-rate quality in points,—do not maintain the same

unity and exquisite balance as those of Mr. Locker or Mr. Austin Dobson. This is, perhaps, the best :—

AD CHLOEN, M.A.

(Fresh from her Cambridge Examination.)

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose;
And your brow is like the snow;
And the various things you know
Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek
Perfect are;
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognises in the sky
Every star.

You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate;
But for your cœrulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
The same day
I, as wooer, perhaps may come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

Mr. Calverley, too, we should have quoted from; but forbear, as we shall have so much to say of him under the head of Parody. Besides Mr. Henry S. Leigh, we must name Mr. Gosse, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Mr. Henley, Mr. Pennel, and Mr. Savile Clarke,—all of whom have produced gems in this cameo-carving of verse.

III.—Exotic Poetic Forms.

We cannot pass from the subject of *Vers de Société* without a word or two about the new forms which have recently come into vogue. These are admirably fitted for certain purposes, and in expert hands occasionally yield a satisfying effect. Restraint, however, is the first feeling on reading most of them; so that we need not expect much from the movement. Mr. Dobson has written some exquisite Triolets, as well as Ballades, after the true form, and he has given in an appendix to Mr. Davenport Adams's recent Volume, a very admirable paper descriptive of all these forms; and this, if supplemented by his article in the "Mirror of Litera-

ture" on the *Ballade*, will convey as full an idea as English readers can desire in respect to them. Their relation to *Vers de Société* is not quite so accidental as it might appear: for Mr. Austin Dobson has himself pointed out that for most part they might be made effective in epigram, but only, we think, in epigram that has elements to ally it closely with Society-Verse. We give below one or two specimens of these forms of verse, the more important here as preparations for what shall be said of them under the head of Parody. The first shall be a *Ballade*—the rule of which is that it shall be written on three rhymes and no more—arranged as a slight attention to this specimen will at once show to the careful reader:—

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

Double Refrain.

WHEN the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars to the lattice climb,
And a rosalind-face to the casement shows,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets as dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pendant-strut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Envoi.

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May bells clash and chime;
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

And these three Triolets:—

A Kiss.

Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.

But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow :—
Rose kissed me to-day,—
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

Circe.

In the school of coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar;—
O, they fish with all nets
In the school of coquettes!
When her brooch she forgets
'Tis to show her new collar:
In the school of coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar!

A Tear.

There's a tear in her eye,—
Such a clear little jewel!
What can make her cry?
There's a tear in her eye.
"Puck has killed a big fly,—
And its *terribly* cruel;"
There's a tear in her eye—
Such a clear little jewel!

A clever writer in *Fun* has admirably shown how some of these forms may be used for Society-Verse. He has given a whole series of them, including the

Rondeau. Here we have a Rondel and a set of Triolets :—

LOVE'S CAPTIVE.

Rondel.

I HIDE her in my heart, my May,
And keep my darling captive there!
But not because she'd fly away
To seek for liberty elsewhere.
For love is ever free as air!
And as with me her love will stay,
I hide her in my heart, my May,
And keep my darling captive there.

Our love is love that lives for aye,
Enchained in fetter strong and fair,
So evermore, by night and day,
That we our prisoned home may share,
I hide her in my heart, my May,
And keep my darling captive there.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

Triolets.

My love of loves—my May,
In rippling shadows lying,
Was sleeping mid the hay—
My love of loves—my May!
The ardent sun was trying
To kiss her dreams away!
My love of loves—my May,
In rippling shadows lying!

I knelt and kissed her lips,
  Sweeter than any flower
The bee for honey sips!
I knelt and kissed her lips,—
  And as her dark eyes' power
Awoke from sleep's eclipse,
I knelt and kissed her lips
  Sweeter than any flower!

The pair of gloves I won,
  My darling pays in kisses!
Long may the sweet debt run—
The pair of gloves I won!
  Till death our love dismisses
This feud will ne'er be done—
The pair of gloves I won,
  My darling pays in kisses!

IV.—The Scottish School.

The Scottish School—of which Professor Aytoun, Mr. Outram, and others of the Blackwood band, were the proper founders—was originally based on merely humorous character-sketching, as seen in "The Annuity." It has passed — perhaps in

peculiar consonance with the national character—into two main lines. Convivial humour of the broader kind, always with a more or less pronounced purpose of specific satire of foibles and extravagances; and a free criticism of the national orthodoxy, with a view of broadening and liberalising it. In this latter phase, it has been, so to say, taken possession of by the Broad-Church party; and some of the happiest efforts of Dr. Norman Macleod in verse would belong to this class—especially the "Waggin o' oor dog's tail." It is felt in the "Curling Song" also; and, indeed, it might be said that Norman Macleod never fell into the lighter mood without carrying a shade of this earnest purpose with him. But he was not artistically delicate, and his points were not always taken with full feeling. He lacked wholly the art Horatian, and must, for this reason, rank only as third or fourth rate in spite of his fine spirits, his readiness, his spontaneity, and earnest purpose. It has been well-said that the Scotch are peculiar in that they can afford to scrutinize their own oddities, and, on occasion, to look at themselves precisely like a third person. This is seen in much of the verse we are now dealing with. A few specimens of the more typical classes are all that we can afford to

give. The first shall be from Lord Neaves on "The Origin of Species:"—

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

A new Song.

HAVE you heard of this question the Doctors among,
Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?
This has lately been said, and now shall be sung,
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
It required a few millions the change to complete;
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great, great-grandsire,
To little or nothing at first did aspire;
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
Which nobody can deny.

This Monad becoming a father or mother,
By budding or bursting, produced such another;
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer designates them, well—
They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell;
But which of the two, Doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

These beings increasing grew buoyant with life,
And each to itself was both husband and wife;
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,
Which nobody can deny.

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
And they thought a division of labour would do;
So their sexual system was parted in two,
Which nobody can deny,

Thus Plato supposes that severed by fate,
Human halves run about, each in search of its mate,
Never pleased till they gain their original state,
Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot;
Some put out a finger, some put out a foot:
Some set up a mouth, and some sent out a root,
Which nobody can deny.

Some, wishing to walk, manufactured a limb;
Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim;
Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small,
As nature sent food for the few or for all;
And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

A Deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family (try not to laugh),
By stretching and stretching became a Giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall Pig, with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes;
And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,
Which nobody will deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a Whale,
Held its hind legs so close that it grew to a tail,
Which it uses for threshing the sea like a flail,
Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, tumblers, and fantails are from the same source;
The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse:
So men were developed from Monkeys of course,
Which nobody can deny.

An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
A relapse to low life may our prospects impair;
So of beastly propensities let us beware,
Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,
And reduced to all fours, must then narrow their views;
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to an oyster or insect some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return from the Monad, from which we all came,
Which nobody can deny.

In a slightly different vein we may cite the following :—

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY ON SUNDAY.

A Lyric for Sunday Night.

We Zealots, made up of stiff clay,
The sour looking children of sorrow,
While not over jolly to-day,
Resolved to be wretched to-morrow.
We can't for certainty tell
What mirth may molest us on Monday;
But, at least to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

That day the calm season of rest,
Shall come to us freshing and frigid;
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,
Such as Calvin would call over-rigid.
With sermons from morning till night,
We'll strive to be decent and dreary:
To preachers a praise and delight,
Who ne'er think sermons can weary.

All tradesmen cry up their own wares;
In this way they agree well together:
The Mason by stone and lime swears;
The Tanner is always for leather.
The Smith still for iron would go;
The Schoolmaster stands up for teaching;
And the Parson would have you to know,
There's nothing on earth like his preaching.

The face of kind nature is fair;
  But our system obscures its effulgence:
How sweet is a breath of fresh air!
  But our rules don't allow the indulgence.
These gardens, their walks and green bowers,
  Might be free to the poor man for one day;
But no, the glad plants and gay flowers
  Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

What though a good precept we strain
  Till hateful and hurtful we make it!
What though, in this pulling the rein,
  We may draw it so tight as to break it!
Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
  Because they get social or frisky;
But of course they can sit still at home
  And get dismally drunk on whisky.

Then, though we can't certainly tell
  How mirth may molest us on Monday:
At least, to begin the week well
  Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

We have preferred to give these to the yet better known "Origin of Languages," or the song, "I'm very fond of Water," as being less likely to be familiar to our readers.

Professor Blackie, who not seldom ruins his poems of this class for any purpose but chorus-singing, through his rough and ready, off-hand style, has written at least two good things, of which

we shall present copies to the reader, assured that he will laugh lightly over them. Though Professor Blackie hates metaphysics, the first is metaphysical and is named :—

CONCERNING I AND NON-I.

SINCE father Noah first tapped the vine,
And warmed his jolly old nose,
All men to drinking do much incline,
But why no drinker yet knows;
We drink and we never think how!
And yet in our drinking,
The root of deep thinking
Lies very profound,
As I will expound
To all who will drink with me now!

The poets, God knows, a jovial race,
Have ever been lauding of wine;
Of Bacchus they sing, and his rosy face,
And the draught of the beaker divine;
Yet all their fine phrases are vain;
They pour out the essence
Of brain-effervescence,
With rhyme and rant
And jingling cant,
But nothing at all they explain.

But I, who quaff the thoughtful well
Of Plato and old Aristotle,
And Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel can tell
The wisdom that lies in the bottle;
I drink, and in drinking I know.

With a glance keen and nimble
I pierce through the symbol,
And seize the soul
Of truth in the bowl,
Behind the sensuous show!

Now brim your glass, and plant it well
Beneath your nose on the table,
And you will find what philosophers tell
Of I and non-I is no fable,
Now listen to wisdom, my son!
Myself am the subject,
This wine is the object,
These things are two,
But I'll prove to you
That subject and object are one.

I take this glass in my hand, and stand
Upon my legs, if I can,
And look and smile benign and bland,
And feel that I am a man.
Now stretch all the strength of your brains!
I drink—and the object
Is lost in the subject,
Making one entity,
In the identity
Of me and the wine in my veins!

And now if Hamilton, Fraser, or Mill,
This point can better explain,
You may learn from them, with method and skill,
To plumb the abyss of your brain;
But this simple faith, I avow,

The root of true thinking
Lies just in deep drinking,
As I have shown
By a way of my own,
To this jolly good company now.

The next is on a very suitable theme for a professor who at once is a book-worm and is not :—

SOME BOOK-WORMS WILL SIT AND WILL STUDY.

Some book-worms will sit and will study
Along with their dear selves alone,
Till their brain like a mill-pond grows muddy,
And their heart is as cold as a stone.
But listen to what I now say, boys,
Who know the fine art to unbend;
And all labour without any play, boys,
Makes Jack a dull boy in the end.

There's Moodie, no doubt he's a fellow
Of heart, and of head has no lack,
But his cheek, like a lemon, is yellow,
And he bends like a camel his back.
I tell him the worst of all evils
Is cram; and to live on this plan
Is to nourish a host of blue devils,
To plague him when he is a man.

Sure Solomon knew what was fitting
To keep a man juicy and fresh,
And he says there is nothing like sitting
O'er books to bring grief to the flesh.

From quarto to folio creeping,
Some record of folly to gain,
He says that your red eyes are keeping
Dull watch o'er the night oil in vain.

I guess you have heard many sermons
Not wiser at all than my rhymes,
But perhaps you don't know what determines
Their sense to be nonsense sometimes.
Though bright the great truth may be beaming,
Through dimness it struggles in vain,
Of vapours from stomach upsteaming
Unhealthy, that poison the brain.

Beside her old wheel when 'tis birring,
A spinster may sit and may croon ;
But a meddlesome youth should be stirring
Like Hermes, with wings to his shoon ;
With a club, or a bat, or a mallet,
Making sport with the ball on the green,
Or roaming about with a wallet
Where steamboats and tourists are seen.

Then rise from the lean visaged study,
That drains all the sap from your brains ;
Give your face to the breeze and grow ruddy
With blood that exults in the veins.
Trust me,—for I know what I say, boys,—
And use the fine art to unbend,
All work, with no season of play, boys,
Makes Jack a dull boy in the end !

At no great distance behind these come some of the efforts of Sheriff Nicolson, of which this is perhaps as effective as any :—

THE BRITISH ASS.

(Roared in a Den of Scientific Lions at Edinburgh, 7th August, 1871.*)*

Air "THE BRITISH GRENADIERS."

SOME men go in for Science,
And some go in for Shams,
Some roar like hungry Lions,
And others bleat like lambs;
But there's a Beast, that at this Feast
Deserves a double glass,
So let us bray, that long we may
Admire the BRITISH Ass!
Chorus—With an ASS-ASS-OCIATION,
Etc., Etc.

On England's fragrant clover
This beast delights to browse,
But sometimes he's a rover
To Scotland's broomy knowes;
For there the plant supplies his want,
That doth all herbs surpass,
The Thistle rude—the sweetest food—
That feeds the BRITISH Ass!

We've read in ancient story,
How a great Chaldean swell
Came down from all his glory,
With horned beasts to dwell;
If you would know how it happened so,
That a King should feed on grass,
In "Section D, Department B,"
Inquire of the BRITISH ASS!

To Grecian sages, charming,
Rang the music of the spheres,
But voices more alarming
Salute our longer ears;
By Science bold we now are told
How Life did come to pass—
From world to world the seeds were hurled,
Whence sprung the BRITISH ASS!

In our waltzing through creation
We meet those fiery stones
That bring, for propagation,
The germs of flesh and bones;
And is it not a thrilling thought
That some huge misguided mass
Will, one fine day, come and sweep away
Our dear old BRITISH ASS!

The child who knows his father
Has aye been reckoned wise,
But some of us would rather
Be spared that sweet surprise!
If it be true, that when we view
A comely lad or lass,
We find the trace of the Monkey's face
In the gaze of the BRITISH ASS!

The Ancients, childish creatures!
Thought we derived from heaven
The godlike form and features
To mankind only given;
But now we see our pedigree
Made plain as in a glass,
And when we grin we betray our kin*
To the sires of the BRITISH Ass!

V.—PARODY.

We now proceed to speak of Parody, and, first, of the point where Parody touches *Vers de Société*. Wherever Parody reaches its highest point, it is on the very margin of the sister-field. And the reason is that where it rises highest it must be most humane, and carry, hidden under its extravagance and *grotesquerie*, some touch of pathos, true insight, and sympathetic humour. It fulfils its fullest purpose, and justifies itself, in ceasing to bear its original features. Thackeray in some of his inimitable parodies succeeded in observing a balance

* "He who rejects with scorn the belief that the shape of his own canines, and their occasional great development in other men, are due to our early progenitors having been provided with these formidable weapons, will probably reveal by sneering the line of his descent."—*Darwin's "Descent of Man,"* i., 127.

where many others have failed, managed to convey weighty meanings through so effervescent a medium without any sense of divorce or by spoiling the pleasantry ; but this was because of his remarkable combination of delicacy and creative humour — his unique union of life-knowledge, quaint original fancy, and power of imitation, piercing to profounder characteristics ; so that he can hardly be said to be a mere parodist even when he seems to be most determinedly working as a parodist, and thus in a walk of art crowded with competitors he stands absolutely alone. The following is quite in the Thackeray vein in this style of work. The reader will perhaps notice the fine morality that lies *perdu* in the high-spirited independent tone of the last verse, the whole of a high life-philosophy is to be read in it :—

WILLY REILLY.

Air of Boy Jones's Log.

CAKUM to me* ye sailors bold
Wot plows upon the sea,
To you I mean for to unfold
My mournful histo-ree.

* The nautical mode of writing "Oh, come to me."—*Printer's Devil.*

So pay attention to my song,
And quick-el-ly shall appear
How innocently all along
I was in-weigle-ed here.

One night, returnin' 'ome to bed
I walked through Pim-li-co,
And twigging of the Palass, sed,
"I'm *Jones* and *In-i-go.*"
But afore I could git out, my boys,
Police-man 20 A,
He caught me by the corderoys,
And lugged me right away.

My cuss upon Lord Melbun and
On Johnny Russell so,
That forced me from my native land,
Across the waves to go-o-oh!
But all their spiteful arts is vain
My spirit to down keep;
I hopes I'll soon git back again
To take another peep.

The bulk of the exercises of the Brothers Smith, again, are samples of pure parody. But it is not our purpose to draw particular illustrations from the past. That would be an endless experiment. Specimens of present-day writers will better serve our purpose. Mr. Frederick Locker, equipped as

one might fancy in many respects for parody, has seldom essayed it. He gives us, however, a few specimens. The following, which carries over into delightful extravagance the ultra-simplicity and sentiment of the Poet Laureate's "Lord of Burleigh," is one of the best efforts in pure parody; but we must add that in this field, though Mr. Locker admirably illustrated our demand for well-bred inoffensiveness, he has never risen intellectually above the old-fashioned standard—the standard of the "Rejected Addresses." We cannot, however, conceive Mr. Tennyson himself reading this save with well-pleased, hearty laughter, because Mr. Locker insinuates no feeling other than admiration for the poem he parodies :—

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY.

An Experiment.

When he whispers, "O Miss Bailey,
Thou art brightest of the throng"—
She makes murmur, softly-gaily—
"Alfred, I have loved thee long."

Then he drops upon his knees, a
Proof his heart is warm as wax;
She's—I don't know who, but he's a
Captain bold from Halifax.

Though so loving, such another
  Artless bride was never seen;
Coachee thinks that she's his mother—
  Till they get to Gretna Green.

There they stand, by him attended,
  Hear the sable smith rehearse
That which links them, when 'tis ended,
  Tight for better—or for worse.

Now her heart rejoices—ugly
  Troubles need disturb her less—
Now the Happy Pair are snugly
  Seated in the night express.

So they go with fond emotion,
  So they journey through the night;
London is their land of Goshen—
  See, its suburbs are in sight!

Hark, the sound of life is swelling,
  Pacing up, and racing down;
Soon they reach her simple dwelling—
  Burley Street, by Somers Town.

What is there to so astound them?
  She cries "Oh!" for he cries "Hah!"
When five brats emerge, confound them!
  Shouting out "Mamma!"—"PAPA!"

While at this he wonders blindly,
  Nor their meaning can divine,
Proud she turns them round, and kindly,
  "All of these are mine and thine!"

* * * * *

Here he pines and grows dyspeptic,
Losing heart he loses pith—
Hints that Bishop Tait's a sceptic,
Swears that Moses was a myth.

Sees no evidence in Paley,
Takes to drinking ratifia :
Shies the muffins at Miss Bailey
While she's pouring out the tea.

One day, knocking up his quarters,
Poor Miss Bailey found him dead,
Hanging in his knotted garters,
Which she knitted ere they wed.

Tom Hood was the more fitted for parody in that he was deficient in some of the qualities which made his versatile father so unique—alike spontaneous and finished in serious poetry and in the veriest whipt-cream of verse. He has written one of the cleverest parodies of recent years on one of Mr. Swinburne's best known efforts. The parody will perhaps be the better appreciated if we first give a few stanzas of the original. It will be observed that the metre is a difficult one, and new in English.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

* * * * *

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,

And teach his feet a measure,
  And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
  And I were king of pain.

———

The reader will notice that in no point does Tom Hood fail to follow his original—the very title is a happy parody.

A CATCH.

By a Mimic of Modern Melody.

If you were queen of bloaters
  And I were king of soles,
The sea we'd wag our fins in,
Nor heed the crooked pins in
The water dropt by boaters
  To catch our heedless joles;
If you were queen of bloaters,
  And I were king of soles.

If you were Lady Mile-End,
  And I were Duke of Bow,
We'd marry and we'd quarrel,
And then, to point the moral,
Should Lord Penzance his file lend,
  Our chains to overthrow;
If you were Lady Mile-End,
  And I were Duke of Bow.

If you were chill November,
And I were sunny June,
I'd not with love pursue you;
For I should be to woo you
(You're foggy, pray remember),
A most egregious spoon;
If you were chill November,
And I were sunny June.

If you were cook to Venus,
And I were J 19,
When missus was out dining,
Our suppertites combining,
We'd oft contrive between us
To keep the platter clean;
If you were cook to Venus,
And I were J 19.

If you were but a jingle,
And I were but a rhyme;
We'd keep this up for ever
Nor think it very clever,
A grain of sense to mingle
At times with simple chime;
If you were but a jingle,
And I were but a rhyme.

Mr. Swinburne, as we shall see, has been a favourite subject with later parodists—"Dolores," "A Ballad of Dreamland," "Faustine," and others, have been parodied over and over again; but we

must not part with Tom Hood without saying that his parodies of Moore and Byron are quite as ingenious and sustained as the above; while Mr. Browning is not unsuccessfully followed in these verses:—

POETS AND SONNETS.

*By R.*b*rt. Br*wn*ng.*

WHERE'ER there's a thistle to feed a linnet—
And linnets are plenty, thistles rife—
Or an acorn-cup to catch dewdrops in it,
There's ample promise of future life.
Now mark how we begin it.

For linnets will follow, if linnets are minded,
As blows the white-feather parachute;
And ships will reel by the tempest blinded—
Ay, ships, and shiploads of men to boot!
How deep whole fleets you'll find hid.

And we blow the thistledown hither and thither,
Forgetful of linnets, and men and God.
The dew!—for it's want an oak will wither—
By the dull hoof into the dust is trod.
And then who strikes the cithar?

But thistles were only for donkeys intended,
And that donkeys are common enough is clear.
And that drop! What a vessel it might have befriended?
Does it add any flavour to Glugabib's beer?
Well, there's my musing ended.

Readers of recent fiction—more especially admirers of Miss Ingelow, of whom there are many in every part of the world—may be interested in knowing the history of those little bits of funny verse with which she enlivened one of her later novels, "Fated to be Free," particularly several chapters in the latter part of it. They are really "revenges" of a delicate kind. We know that poets from of old have been apt to bandy other wordy messages than compliments, and the quarrel between Mr. Tennyson and the late Lord Lytton is a good modern instance. So when Mr. Calverley, who has obtained considerable repute as a cunning master of metre, both by his original poetic work and by translations, includes direct parodies of Miss Ingelow's most popular pieces, exposing all her worst faults, it is only natural that she should try to retaliate in kind. In his little volume of "Fly Leaves," Mr. Calverley at one place, under the title, "Lovers, and a Reflection," wrote:—

In moss-prankt dell, which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter),
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonned together,
I and my Willie (O love my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats wavered alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together
(O love my Willie!), and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was glorious weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours:—

By rises that flushed with their purple favours,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grassy sheen,
We walked and waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacocks' eyes:—

Song-birds darted about, some inky
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds;
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—
They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the millstream washes,
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem;
They need no parasols, no goloshes;
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst His heather)
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms;
And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
Our fingers at fate and her goddess-glooms.

* * * * * *

And Willie 'gan sing (oh, his notes were fluty;
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry."

* * * * * *

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together this genial weather,
And carted or carried on wafts away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ay me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be.

To literary experts, with these facts in view, it was not hard to find an underlying satiric reference in such scraps as these from "Fated to be Free:"—

THAT maiden's nose, that puppy's eyes,
Which I this happy day saw,
They've touched the manliest chords that rise
I' the breast of Clifford Crayshaw.

* * * * *

All day she worked, no lover lent
His aid ; and yet with glee
At dusk she sought her home, content,
That beauteous Bumble Bee.

A cell it was, nor more nor less,
But oh ! all's one to me,
Whether you write it with an S,
Dear girl, or with a C.

* * * *

Then doth Tuck-man smile, "Them there
(Ho and Hi and futile Hum)
Jellies three-and-sixpence air,
Use of spoons an equal sum."

Trees are rich. Sweet task, 'tis o'er,
"Tuck-man, you're a brick," they cry.
Wildly then, shake hands, all four
(Hum and Ho, the end is Hi).

But whatever may be said of the serious verse of the two writers, it is clear that Miss Ingelow cannot cope with Mr. Calverley (Crayshay, C———y, for the sake of rhyme in two cases made Crayshaw) in parody. Her efforts are too easily taken for mere nonsense verse, and lack the exactitude and delicacy of reference and imitation which alone could have justified them in this light.

We must make room for this other very happy *exposé* of Miss Ingelow's peculiarities from Mr. Bayard Taylor's pen :—

THE SHRIMP-GATHERERS.

Scarlet spaces of sand and ocean,
Gulls that circle and winds that blow ;
Baskets and boats and men in motion,
Sailing and scattering to and fro.

Girls are waiting, their wimples adorning
With crimson sprinkles the broad gray flood ;
And down the beach the blush of the morning,
Shines reflected from moisture and mud.

Broad from the yard the sails hang limpy,
Lightly the steersman whistles a lay ;
Pull with a will, for the nets are shrimpy,
Pull with a whistle, our hearts are gay !

Tuppence a quart, there are more than fifty,
Coffee is certain, and beer galore.
Coats are corduroy, and minds are thrifty,
Won't we go it on sea and shore ?

See, behind, how the hills are freckled
With low white huts, where the lasses 'bide !
See, before, how the sea is speckled
With sloops and schooners that wait the tide ?

Yarmouth fishers may rail and roister,
Tyne-side boys may shout "Give way!"
Let them dredge for the lobster and oyster,
Pink and sweet are our shrimps to-day!

Shrimps and the delicate periwinkle,
Such are the sea-fruits lasses love:
Ho! to your nets till the blue stars twinkle,
And the shutterless cottages gleam above!

Mr. Calverley is perhaps the most dexterous of later parodists. No point seems to escape him: no poet is beyond his scope. He is as facile in metres as he is learned, and this enables him to deal with topics from which anyone unless a well-grounded scholar would be excluded. His taste is admirable; and, like Mr. Locker, he hits off the "masters" without insinuating any particular irreverence for them — a great point in parody, which too often vulgarizes by association. How ingeniously Mrs. Browning is reflected in the piece entitled "In the Gloaming," of which these are a few stanzas:—

In the Gloaming to be roaming, where the crested waves are foaming,
And the shy mermaiden combing locks that ripple to her feet;

When the Gloaming is I never made the ghost of an endeavour
To discover—but whatever were the hour, it would be sweet.

"To their feet," I say, for Leech's sketch indisputably teaches
That the mermaids of our beaches do not end in ugly tails;
Nor have homes among the corals; but are shod with neat balmorals,
An arrangement no one quarrels with, as many might with scales.

Sweet to roam beneath a shady cliff, of course with some young lady,
Lalage, Neæra, Haidee, or Elaine, or Mary Ann:
Love, you dear delusive dream you! Very sweet your victims deem you,
When heard only by the seamew, they talk all the stuff one can.

Sweet to haste, a licensed lover, to Miss Pinkerton, the glover,
Having managed to discover what is dear Neæra's size:
P'raps to touch that wrist so slender, as your tiny gift you tender,
And to read you're no offender in those laughing hazel eyes.

* * * *

Then the days of courtship over, with your wife to start for Dover
Or Dieppe—and live in clover, evermore, whate'er befalls :
For I've read in many a novel, that unless they've souls that grovel,
Folks *prefer* in fact a hovel to your dreary marble halls.

To sit, happy married lovers; Phillis trifling with a plover's
Egg, while Corydon uncovers with a grace the Sally Lunn,
Or dissects the lucky pheasant—that, I think, were passing pleasant,
As I sit alone at present, dreaming darkly of a dun.

Miss Rossetti, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, are all rendered inimitably. We can only afford space to give examples of his Browningese blank verse and Tennysonian lyric :—

Now law steps in, bigwigged, voluminous-jawed ;
Investigates and reinvestigates.
Was the transaction illegal ? Law shakes head.
Prepend, sir, all the bearings of the case.

At first the coin was mine, the chattel his,
But now (by virtue of the said exchange
And barter), *vice versâ*, all the coin
Per juris operationem, vests

I', the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom
(In sæcula sæculo-o-o-orum ;
I think I hear the Abate mouth out that),
To have and hold the same to him and them. . . .
Confer some idiot on conveyancing.
Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,
And all that appertaineth thereunto
Quodcunque pertinet ad eam rem
(I fancy, sir, my Latin's rather pat),
Or shall, will, may, might, could, would, or should
(Subaudi cætera—clap we to the close—
For what's the good of law in a case of the kind),
Is mine to all intents and purposes.
This settled, I resume the thread o' the tale.

Now for a touch of the vendor's quality.
He says a gen'leman bought a pebble of him
(This pebble, i' sooth, sir, which I hold i' my hand),
And paid for't, like a gen'leman, on the nail.
" Did I o'ercharge him a ha'penny? Devil a bit.
Fiddlepin's end! Get out, you blazing ass!
Gabble o' the goose. Don't bugaboo baby *me!*
So double or quits? Yah! tittup! what's the odds?"—
There's the transaction viewed i' the vendor's light.

Is it possible, let us ask in passing, that this inimitable play on Mr. Browning's famous dramatic summary of a law-case suggested his "Leading Cases" to the "Apprentice of Lincoln's Inn?"

But we must not forget Mr. Tennyson's lyric. Here it is in Mr. Calverley's form:—

WANDERERS.

* * *

I LOITER down by thorp and town,
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for buddin' Sally,
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;
I've liquor for the valet.

I steal from th' parson's strawberry plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes;
I've seen the sky thro' prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses:

I've sat, I've sighed, I've gloomed, I've glanced
With envy at the swallows
That thro' the window slid and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows.

But out again I come, and show
My face, nor care a stiver;
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever.

Thus on he prattled, like a babbling brook.
Then I, "The sun hath slipt behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

Perhaps the most successful of all the parodies of Mr. Tennyson is that of Mr. Bayard Taylor, called "Sir Eggnogg" — meant, as the reader will see, to satirize some of the affectations in the "Idylls of a King." Let the reader notice how nicely Mr. Tennyson's devotion to the separate and secondary facts of Natural History is satirized:—

SIR EGGNOGG.

FORTH from the purple battlements he fared,
Sir Eggnogg of the Rampant Lily, named
From that embrasure of his argent shield,
Given by a thousand leagues of heraldry
On snuffy parchments drawn,—so forth he fared,
By bosky boles and autumn leaves he fared
Where grew the juniper with berries black,
The sphery mansions of the future gin.
But naught of this decoyed his mind, so bent
On fair Miasma, Saxon-blooded girl,
Who laughed his loving lullabies to scorn,
And would have snatched his hero-sword to deck
Her haughty brow, or warm her hands withal,
So scornful she: and thence Sir Eggnogg cursed

Between his teeth, and chewed his iron boots
In spleen of love. But ere the moon was high
In the robustious heaven, the postern-tower
Clang to the harsh, discordant, slivering scream
Of the tire-woman, at the window bent
To dress her crispèd hair. She saw, ah woe !
The fair Miasma, overbalanced, hurled
O'er the flamboyant parapet, which ridged
The muffled coping of the castle's peak,
Prone on the ivory pavement of the court,
Which caught and cleft her fairest skull, and sent
Her rosy brains to fleck the Orient floor.
This saw Sir Eggnogg, in his stirrups poised,
Saw he and cursed, with many a deep-mouthed oath,
And, finding nothing more could reunite
The splintered form of fair Miasma, rode
On his careering palfrey to the wars,
And there found death, another death than hers.

That peculiarly effective metre in which Mr. Swinburne wrote "Dolores" and his famous Dedication of the "Poems and Ballads" volume, is pre-eminently one to invite parody, but also to defeat it. It looks very easy to imitate it at first sight, but that ending line of each stanza, so dexterously cut short, will defy all hands save the most skilful. Of the many parodies of this favourite Swinburnian metre which we have seen, there is only one which really carries the show of spirit successfully on. This is the "Dedication to J. S." — the famous

"John Stiles" of the old law-books — in that little slip of a volume, "Leading Cases." That those even who may not be familiar with Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" may appreciate the parody, we give here the three stanzas from the Dedication to that volume which are most closely parodied, and the reader will observe how aptly the somewhat pompous feminine-rhymes and the alliterations have been followed :—

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,
The earth gives her streams to the sea;
They are many, but my gift is single,
My verses, the first-fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the grey leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air;
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
Blown loose from the hair.

* * * *

Though the world of your hands be more gracious
And lovelier in lordship of things,
Clothed round by sweet art with the spacious
Warm heaven of her imminent wings;
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times,
And receive in your palace of painting*
This revel of rhymes.

* * * *

* The book was dedicated to Mr. Burne Jones, the distinguished painter.

Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
  There is help if the heaven has one;
Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight,
  And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
They have moonlight and sleep for repayment
  When refreshed as a bride, and set free,
With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
  Night sinks on the sea.

Now, the "Dedication to J. S." can hardly fail to be read with interest.

When waters are rent with commotion
  Of storms, or with sunlight made whole,
The river still pours to the ocean
  The stream of its effluent soul;
You, too, from all lips of all living
  Of worship disthroned and discrowned,
Shall know by these gifts of my giving
  That faith is yet found:

By the sight of my song-flight of cases
  That bears on wings woven of rhyme
Names set for a sign in high places
  By sentence of men of old time;
From all counties they meet and they mingle,
  Dead suitors whom Westminster saw;
They are many, but your name is single,
  The flower of pure law.

When bounty of grantors was gracious
To enfeoff you in fee and in tail,
The bounds of your land were made spacious
With lordship from Sale unto Dale ;
Trusts had you, and services loyal,
Lips sovereign for ending of strife,
And the names of the world's names most royal
For light of your life.

Ah desire that was urgent to Romeward,
And feet that were swifter than fate's,
And the noise of the speed of them homeward
For mutation and fall of estates !
Ah the days when your riding to Dover
Was prayed for and precious as gold,
The journeys, the deeds that are over,
The praise of them told.

But the days of your reign are departed,
And our fathers that fed on your looks
Have begotten a folk feeble-hearted,
That seek not your name in their books ;
And against you is risen a new foeman,
To storm with strange engines your home,
We wax pale at the name of him Roman,
His coming from Rome.

* * * * *

Yet I pour you this drink of my verses,
Of learning made lovely with lays,
Song bitter and sweet that rehearses
The deeds of your eminent days ;

Yea, in these evil days from their reading
Some profit a student shall draw,
Though some points are of obsolete pleading,
And some are not law.

Though the Courts that were manifold dwindle
To divers Divisions of one,
And no fire from your face may rekindle
The light of old learning undone;
We have suitors and briefs for our payment,
While so long as a Court shall hold pleas,
We talk moonshine, with wigs for our raiment,
Not sinking the fees.

Though we cannot regard the "Apprentice of Lincoln's Inn" as having been quite successful in finding funny points in his "cases" sufficient to sustain for them a claim to rank on the higher ground of independent humour, as it is too clear that he aimed at doing, yet it must be admitted that he has almost succeeded in this "Dedication." Nothing could well be more effective than the point that is made on the "Romeward tendency." "If J. S. shall go to Rome in three days is the standing example of an impossible condition" in these old law books. In all the other instances, however, the desire to compass a double purpose, that is, to convey "substantial legal fun" under cover of Parody, has, in our idea, failed, and failed

nowhere more conspicuously than in that imitation of Mr. Browning, which we cannot help thinking was suggested by Mr. Calverley's much happier effort in the same line—that piece, again, suggesting the idea of the whole book. These are a few of the "Apprentice's" Browningese lines — he improves a point on Mr. Calverley in adopting that odd, irregular, rhyming couplet which Mr. Browning used with such effect in one of his later volumes:—

> Facts o' case first. At Milborne Port
> Was fair-day, October the twenty and eight,
> And folk in the market like fowls in a crate;
> Shepherd, one of your town-fool sort,
> (From Solomon's time they call it sport,
> Right to help holiday, just make fun louder),
> Lights me a squib up of paper and powder,
> (Find if you can the law-Latin for 't)
> And chucks it, to give their trading a rouse,
> Full i' the midst o' the market-house.
> It happ'd to fall on a stall where Yates
> Sold gingerbread and gilded cates
> (Small damage if *they* should burn or fly all);
> To save himself and said gingerbread loss
> One Willis doth toss the thing across
> To stall of one Ryall, who straight an espial
> Of danger to *his* wares, of selfsame worth,
> Casts it in market-house, farther forth.
> And by two mesne tossings thus it got
> To burst in the face of plaintiff Scott;
> And now 'gainst Shepherd, for loss of eye,
> The question is, whether *trespass* shall lie.

Here, precisely as in one of the other "Leading Cases," where an effort is made by John Vaux, on a ground of trespass, to recover "eight pennies," for wine and bread consumed on the premises by six carpenters, who could not or would not pay the same, we find that the body of legal fun is too heavy for the mere parody, which rests on points that are too delicate. In the case of the "six carpenters," the point of the parody rests merely on the fantastical and inept rhyme of "low" and "*ab initio*," which forms the last couplet of each stanza.

> *Sed per totam curiam* 'twas well resolved
> (Note, reader, this difference)
> That in mere not doing no trespass is,
> And John Vaux went empty thence.
> The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
> No trespass was here *ab initio*—

is surely very poor fun in either point of view. The "Apprentice" has spoiled his purpose of Parody by limiting the field of *motif*. To make a book of "leading cases," unless with an allowance of broader fun than his form of Parody admitted, was almost to court monotony.

The following is in every respect a good parody of another favourite metre of Mr. Swinburne, and

certainly brings it to the level of a fine ante-climax, as anyone will see by reading his poem :—

APRIL SHOWERS.

Oh, April showers
Are good for flowers,
And fill the bowers
  With perfumes rare ;
But twinge erratic,
And pang rheumatic
And not ecstatic
  Do they prepare !

And though the leanness
And arid meanness
Of lawns with greenness
  They hide and clothe ;
They, past disputing,
Set corns a-shooting,
Which makes your booting
  A thing to loathe !

And of the Future
Although they suit your
Bright dreams, compute you're
  The Past's sad prey ;
The while you yell a
Vain ritornello
For that umbrella
  That's stolen away !

Nor has Mr. Bayard Taylor overlooked Mr. Swinburne; here is his "Lay of Macaroni," the originals of which some of Mr. Swinburne's friends deem to be perfect. We shall not speak on either side, but leave it to the stranger.

THE LAY OF MACARONI.

As a wave that steals when the winds are stormy,
From creek to cove of the curving shore,
Buffeted, blown, and broken before me,
Scattered and spread to its sunlit core;
As a dove that dips in the dark of maples
To sip the sweetness of shelter and shade,
I kneel in thy nimbus, O moon of Naples,
I bathe in thine beauty, by thee embayed.

What is it ails me that I should sing of her?
The queen of the flashes and flames that were!
Yea, I have felt the shuddering sting of her,
The flower-sweet throat and the hands of her!
I have swayed and sung to the sound of her psalters,
I have danced her dances of dizzy delight,
I have hallowed mine hair to the horns of her altars,
Between the nightingale's song and the night.
What is it, Queen, that now I should do for thee?
What is it now I should ask at thine hands?
Blow of the trumpets thine children once blew for thee,
Break from thine feet and thine bosom the bands.

Nay, as sweet as the songs of Leone Leone,
And gay as her garments of gem-sprinkled gold,
She gives me mellifluous, wild macaroni,
The choice of her children when cheeses are old!

And over me hover, as if by the wings of it,
Frayed in the furnace by flame that is fleet,
The curious coils and the strenuous strings of it,
Dropping, diminishing down, as I eat:
Lo! and the beautiful queen, as she brings of it,
Lifts me the links of the limitless chain,
Bidding mine mouth chant the splendidest things of it,
Out of the wealth of my wonderful brain!

Behold! I have done it: my stomach is smitten
With sweets of the surfeit her hands have unrolled.
Italia, mine cheeks with thine kisses are bitten:
I am broken with beauty, stabbed, slaughtered, and sold!
No man of thy millions is more macaronied,
Save mighty Mazzini, than musical Me:
The souls of the Ages shall stand as astonied,
And faint in the flame I am fanning for thee!

Mr. Swinburne in his various experiments with exotic forms has given a specimen of the French *Ballade*, which would be very perfect were it not for one or two awkwardnesses in the feminine-rhymes —such as "snow's is" and "grows is," which would hardly be deemed happy rhymes in any ordinary English form; while another point is that he gets over a difficulty by the expedient of such words as "part," "apart," "dispart," — hardly rhymes in strictness, but identical words—an expedient, as we

know, not uncommon in French poetry, and sanctioned even by Dante in Italian, but, in such a case, surely introducing somewhat of the very license which, as Mr. Gosse has well said in his "Plea for certain Exotic forms of Verse," * it is the special object of such forms to proscribe. We do not think that such identically sounded words as "heart" and "hart" can in strictness be defended in this form of verse any more than they would be in the sonnet. If "deferred" is a good rhyme to "bird," then "heard" may pass, but then only. A parodist, who is certainly ingenious, has made a point of emphasizing these defects in Mr. Swinburne's *Ballade.* But to give point to the parody we must quote two stanzas — the first and third — from the "Ballad of Dreamland:"—

I HID my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why should it sleep not? why should it start,
When never a leaf of the rose tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.

* * * * *

* "Cornhill Magazine" for July, 1877. Would Mr. Gosse really justify such expedients in the English sonnet?

The green land's name that a charm encloses,
It never was writ in the traveller's chart,
And sweet as the fruit on its tree that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchants' mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree tops heard ;
No hound's note wakens the wild wood hart,
Only the song of a secret bird.

* * * * *

Now for the Parody—*cap à pie*—with the *Envoi* and all :—

A BALLAD OF AFTER DINNER.

A Month after Swinburne.

I HID my head in a rug from Moses,
From the clatter of moving dishes apart,
And curled up my feet for forty dozes,
Just for to soothe my beating heart.
Why did it sleep not? Why did it start,
When never a dish remained to shock?
What made the fluttering doze depart?
Only the tick of an eight-day clock.

Be still, I said, for hope presupposes
A still mild mood for the sleep-slain hart;
Be still, for the wind, with its curled-up toes, is
Silent and quieter yet than thou art.

Doth a wound in thee deep as a thorn's wound smart?
Dost thou fretfully languish for Clicquot and hock?
What bids the lids of thy sleep dispart;
Only the tick of an eight-day clock.

I wait in vain for the charm that encloses
The green land of dreams in sleep's mystical chart,
For the fruit of its trees and the breath of its roses,
More sweet than are sold in the merchants' mart.
So close to its border, why fails my heart?
What holdeth it back, tho' my dim brain rock?
Without, the noise of the nightman's cart,
Within, the tick of an eight-day clock.

Envoi.

Erewhile in hope I had chosen my part,
To sleep for a season as sound as a block,
With never a thought of a nightman's cart,
Or the hateful tick of an eight-day clock.

One parody of Mr. Swinburne, which is distinctly ingenious and sustained, and which would have been less faulty had the subject been different and less personal, is, we have been led to believe, of American origin. It may be described as a "glorification of the hat." It comes too close on being offensive here and there, but parts of it are exquisite, and it runs through many varieties of the

metres much affected by Mr. Swinburne, even down to a comic travesty of his famous Atalanta choruses. This is one bit:—

BEFORE the beginning of years,
There went to the making of man
Nine tailors with their shears,
A coupe and a tiger and span,
Umbrellas and neckties and canes,
An ulster, a coat, and all that—
But the crowning glory remains,
His last best gift was his hat.

And the mad hatters took in hand
Skins of the beaver, and felt,
And straw from the isthmus land,
And silk and black bear's pelt:
And wrought with prophetic passion,
Designed on the newest plan,
They made in the height of fashion
The hat for the wearing of man.

Nor is this parodist unhappy in his blank verse which he skilfully runs into sharpest caricature:—

I WOULD fain forget the cold
Of hand and feet, of heart and mouth of me.
Fire that I drink, burn in the songs I sing!
O that I were on some sweet sunlit hill
To see the glad vines crowding aslant its slopes,

Straining strong arms about it in the sun ;
And through the light and shadow of the leaves,
See Bacchus' self dancing among the grapes ;
And drink my fill until my blood grew warm
As juice of madness in the veins of vines,
Until my song grew sweet, fulfilled of fire
And joy of wine, of rich, luxuriant words,
Clustered as purple grapes upon my lips !
So would I follow all the day the dance
Of Bacchanals, and wearied in the way,
Lay me asleep in shadow of the vines.
Or would that I in midst of silver seas
Had felt the ship staid suddenly on her course,
And seen the masts made green with vine leaves when
Bacchus was crowned, and rode triumphant, borne
By lithe and spotted leopards out of the sea.
Dead dreams, alas, and past ! I will away,
Leaving the club of clods for mine own house.
Where is my hat ? I thought I had seen two !
Where is it ? Fret and irony of chance,
Shall I be hatless, shall I walk uncrowned
In shadow of no brim among the bards ?

* * * * *

Shall I, an uncrowned crown, discrowned of Fate,
Bare to the breath of winds blown every way,
And chill the burning brain it bears beneath ?

Mr. Bayard Taylor has given a most ingenious and faithful rendering of Mr. Browning's blank verse, in his "Diversions of the Echo Club ;" and we must in justice subjoin it :—

WHO *wills*, may hear Sordello's story told
By Robert Browning: warm (you ask) or cold?
But just so much as seemeth to enhance—
The start being granted, onward goes the dance
To its own music—the poem's inward sense;
So, by its verity . . . . nay, no pretence
Avails your self-created bards, and thus
By just the chance of half a hair to us,
If understood . . . . but what the odds to you,
Who, with no obligations to pursue
Scant tracks of thought, if such, indeed there be
In this one poem,—stay, my friend, and see
Whether you note that creamy tint of flesh,
Softer than bivalve pink, unpearled and fresh,
Just where the small o' the back goes curving down
To orbic muscles . . . . ha! that sidelong frown
Pursing the eye, and, folded, deeply cleft.
I' the nostril's edge, as though contempt were left
Just o'er the line that bounds indifference . . . .
But here's the test of any closer sense
(You follow me?) such as I started with;
And there be minds that seek the very pith,
Crowd close, bore deep, push far, and reach the light
Through league-long tunnels—

———

Mr. Browning's style, rugged, full of elisions, and suggestive, has been often parodied; his rhymed verse more seldom than his blank verse, however; here is one specimen, after the poem "How the Good News was brought from Aix to Ghent:"—

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE BAD NEWS FROM WESTMINSTER TO ISLINGTON.

[*A probable but not necessarily truthful occurrence, after R. Browning.*]

When Chancellor Dizzy had ceased his confab
Two members of Parliament rushed for a cab:
"First Hansom!" they shouted from Westminster Hall;
"Cab!" echoed a peeler who ran at the call.
At their knees the door clanged, and they sank on the seat,
While the vehicle galloped up Parliament-street.

Not a word to each other: they knew in the chair
M.A. President Beales would be tearing his hair;
When a block, or a wagon, compelled them to stop,
To cabby they screamed through the hole in the top;
Encouraged by reins, and a whip that could crack,
On galloped the broken-kneed, whistling, old hack!

'Twas lateish at starting; but when they drew near
The outskirts, smart servants were fetching the beer,
In Holborn a yellow 'bus got in their way,
And close to Gray's Inn they were stopped by a dray;
But from Islington's steeple they heard the clock chime,
So O'Donoghue chuckled "Bedad, we're in time."

But on they went galloping, gallant M.P.'s,
Though Pentonville hill tried the horse's old knees,
'Twas silly of boys and bystanders to laugh!
'Neath the wheels broke the brittle mac-adam like chaff.
In the Liverpool-road was a dazzle of light,
So, "Gallop," cried Taylor, "the Hall is in sight."

"How they'll cheer us!" but all in a moment, the hack
Fell neck and crop over, and rolled on his back,
And then were the members in pitiful plight
With the news which would make the League mad with delight,
While the knowing old cab-driver sat on the head
Of the horse that lay sprawling, apparently dead:

For he flung off his coat when he jumped from his seat,
And uttered some words—which we need not repeat—
Unfastened the traces, and pulled at the ear,
And the nose and the tail of this "horse without peer,"
Kicked and thrashed, cursed and swore, any noise bad or good,
Till at length to the Hall the cab galloped, and stood.

And the members will ever remember the sound
Of the shouts, as the platform they climbed from the ground.
For no voice but was shouting stentorian "Hears,"
As the speakers were greeted with volleys of cheers,
While the President voted, that thanks from them all
Should be theirs who had brought the bad news to the Hall!

Mr. Bayard Taylor's parody of M. Rossetti in "Cimabuella" is full of fine points, which emphasize in the most efficient way some of the best points in that distinguished poet:—

CIMABUELLA.

Fair-tinted cheeks, clear eyelids drawn
In crescent curves above the light
Of eyes, whose dim, uncertain dawn
Becomes not day: a forehead white,
Beneath long yellow heaps of hair:
She is so strange, she must be fair.

Had she sharp, slant-wise wings outspread,
She were an angel; but she stands
With flat dead gold behind her head,
And lilies in her long thin hands.
Her folded mantle, gathered in,
Falls to her feet as it were tin.

Her nose is keen as pointed flame;
Her crimson lips no thing express;
And never dread of saintly blame
Held down her heavy eyelashes:
To guess what she were thinking of,
Precludeth any meaner love.

An azure carpet, fringed with gold,
Sprinkled with scarlet spots, I laid
Before her straight, cool feet unrolled:
But she nor sound, nor movement made
(Albeit I heard a soft, shy smile,
Printing her neck a moment's while);

And I was shamed through all my mind
For that she spake not, neither kissed,
But stared right past me. Lo! behind
Me stood, in pink and amethyst,
Sword-girt and velvet doubleted,
A tall, gaunt youth, with frowzy head,

Wide nostrils in the air, dull eyes,
  Thick lips that simpered, but, ah me!
I saw, with most forlorn surprise,
  He was the Thirteenth Century,
I but the Nineteenth: then despair
Curdled beneath my curling hair.

O, Love and Fate! how could she choose
  My rounded outlines, broader brain,
And my resuscitated Muse?
  Some tears she shed, but whether pain
Or joy in him unlocked their source,
I could not fathom which, of course.

But I from missals, quaintly bound,
  With cither and with clavichord,
Will sing her songs of sovran sound:
  Belike her pity will afford
Such faint return as suits a saint,
So sweetly done in verse and paint.

Lord Macaulay's "Roman Lays" have had their own share of attention from parodists, as was inevitable. Here is a very funny adaptation of the metre of "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" and "The Prophecy of Capys," and of points in "Horatius," which originally appeared in "Fun:"—

A PROPHECY OF CAPERS.

A lay of an Ancient Roamer.

Ho! grooms, fling forth the sawdust,
Ho! shed it on the tan,
For round the show
The *troupe* must go
In glittering caravan;
In long and grand procession
Parading, one and all
Belonging to the Circus
At the Agricultural Hall.

Gay are Reform Processions,
The Lord Mayor's Show is gay,
But the Circus-ride
All else beside
Surpasses in that way,
Where piglings, born in litters,
Did late attention crave,
And implements of husbandry
The reaping hook to save;
Where (shows of mules and hosses
Are likewise in its line),
We've had of late
A gathering great
Of fatted sheep and kine.
But nobler now the show is,
And brighter the array—
A pageant, gay and glorious,
A quite unique display
Of horsemanship
That none may whip
Is opened there this day.

Tall are the iron siphons
That rise in Pentonville,
And lofty is the viaduct
You see at Holborn Hill,
Thwaites, at the Thames Embankment,
Has worked for many a year,
Beneath our highways Fowler drove
An Underground career.

But now no water-workmen
Are found at Pentonville,
No navvies poise the girders huge
For spanning Holborn Hill,
Unheeded on th' Embankment
Rings out the cry of "Beer!"
Unwatched the populace may urge
Their Underground career!

The harvests at Refreshment bars
Just now young men may reap;
Just now the banks of Lombard
The unfledged clerks may keep;
And in the vats of Romford
Just now the brewing's done
By 'prentice hands, for all the world
Has gone to Islington.

Ho! bandsmen, toot your bugle!
Ho! grooms, there, clear the course,
For Mademoiselle
Will cut a swell
Upon her high-trained horse.
And here is Jones of Putney,
Who rides the bare-backed steed;

And here is Brown of Camberwell,
  Who clears six hoops at speed;
And here is Peckham's Perkins,
  The foremost in the land,
With tinsel fillet, smiling lip,
And cracking whip, and loud Ya-hip,
  Who drives eighteen-in-hand.
Make way for the procession—
  Make way there, great and small—
It comes,—the *troupe* of Sanger,
  Of the Agricultural Hall!

Praed himself, with his peculiar and sometimes overlaboured trick of antithesis, has been several times parodied, and once or twice with real success. This is the happiest instance we remember:—

TO A JILT.

Some way after Praed.

When rural boroughs are not bought,
  Or lovely maidens sold;
When self is reckoned less than nought,
  Or honour more than gold;
When money does not make the man,
  Or gooseberries champagne;
When Poet Close's verses scan,—
  I may be yours again!

When Tussaud's wax-works learn to think,
Or Tories to be wise;
When local rates begin to sink;
Or Spanish scrip to rise;
When German princes live at home,
Or swells in Drury-lane;
When Dr. Cumming goes to Rome,—
I may be yours again!

When knaves and ranters cease to preach,
Or evening prints to lie;
When tyros do not try to teach,
Or silly girls to dye;
When Osborne quite forgets to jest,
Or Ireland to complain;
When taxes are no more assess'd—
I may be yours again!

When law and justice both unite,
Or Swan and Edgar part;
When London gas gives better light,
Or Ayrton takes to art;
When Leicester-square begins to smile,
Or "Bradshaw" to be plain;
When smart reviewers don't revile,—
I may be yours again!

When Lord Penzance shall sit no more,
Or gaols no longer stand;
When want is banished from our shore,
Or love is in the land;
When earth is rid of every woe,
Or fools are blest with brain—
Why then, my faithless charmer, know
I may be yours again!

One of the points so admirably parodied and run into extravagance here is the trick of antithesis. It is odd to find that one of the greatest masters of this trick, particularly in his satiric verse, was Burns, one good instance being the couplet in the "Holy Fair:"—

> Some are fu' o' love divine,
> And some are fu' o' brandy.

Mr. Austin Dobson also has made very good use of this trick in some of his lighter verse.

Barry Cornwall, with his simple and yet half-mincing air, has formed a fine subject for parodists, and quite recently we have met with two really good specimens. This is one:—

> Sing!—Who sings
> Of him who weareth the fine gold rings,
> Ah, who is the party fine?
> The Jew I divine,
> Who works the Brummagem line.
> In "h's" he
> Is a dealer free,
> And very unpleasant company.

The second is on his universally known poem,—"The Sea,"—and is very happy:—

THE TEA.

By Carry Bornwall.

THE tea! The tea! The beef, beef-tea!
The brew from gravy-beef for me!
Without a doubt, as I'll be bound,
The best for an invalid 'tis found;
It's better than gruel; with sago vies;
Or with the cradled babe's supplies.

I like beef-tea! I like beef-tea,
I'm satisfied, and aye shall be,
With the brew I love, with the brew I know,
And take it wheresoe'er I go.
If the price should rise, or meat be cheap,
No matter? I'll to beef-tea keep.

I love—oh, how I love to guide
The strong beef-tea to its place inside,
When round and round you stir the spoon
Or whistle thereon to cool it soon.
Because one knoweth—or ought to know,
That things get cool whereon you blow.

I never have drunk the dull souchong,
But I for my loved beef-tea did long,
And inly yearned for that bountiful zest,
Like a bird: as a child on that I messed—
And a mother it was and is to me,
For I was weaned on the beef—beef-tea!

It is not difficult to fix the original of the following — the first of a series which appeared in "London," "designed to popularise in drawing-rooms and schools the style of the latest school of poetry:"—

I.—MADONNA MIA.

I WOULD I were a cigarette
Between my Lady's lithe sad lips,
Where Death, like Love, divinely set,
With exquisite sighs and sips
Feeds and is fed and is not fain,
And Memory married with regret,
And Pleasure amorous of red Pain,
In moon-wise musing wax and wane;
That with the bitter sweetness of her breath
I might somewhile remember and forget
(For Life is Love, and Love is Death!)
It was my hap, ah well-a-way!
To burn my little hour away.

I would I were a gold jewel
To fleck my Lady's soft lean throat,
Where Love, like Death, lies throned to swell
A strange and tremulous note
Of yearning vague, void and vain,
Delight on flame Desire to quell,
And Pleasure fearful of red Pain,
And dreams fallèn to sere and stain;
That in the barren blossom of her breath
I might be glad we were not one but twain
(For Love is Life, and Life is Death!),
And that without me, well-a-way!
She could not choose but pass away.

II.—SATIATA, LASSATA.

I HID my heart between her hands,
The fair and fragrant hands of her.
For yea! *(I said)* she understands
That maid to man should minister.
For Time *(I sang)* is ours to-day,
And she may not gainsay him. Yea!

I set my heart beneath her feet,
The sad and subtle feet of her.
For yea! *(I said)* this Love is fleet,
Nay! and than all things crueller.
For Chance *(I sang)* has brought the May,
And life is sweet to savour. Yea!

She looked on me with both her eyes,
The green and gracious eyes of her,
And lightly laughed in woman's wise,
And waxed than Love's self wearier.
For Life *(she sighed)* is hard and gray,
And Death is well worth living. Yea.

III.—MADONNA MIA.

HER sad eyes, like strange seas
Fulfilled with memories,
Dream wistful. As they said:
—Nay! but dead years are dead.
For love is brief, but Spring
Hath leave to sing.

Her deep brows odorous,
Yet nothing timorous,
Sigh to the sighing soul:
—Nay!—but in Death is dole.
For Love is light, but Grief
Brings not relief!

IV.—BALLATA.

FORTH, Ballade, forth, filling both arms with roses,
Pale roses in a trance of bloomy doom,
And bid Madonna burnish and relume
The tarnished mirror and the torch that dozes.
For lo! the year a radiant rose, uncloses
Her rich red heart, in fold on fold of bloom,
And petal on petal rare of perfect peace,
Where Love-in-Death, for wearihead, reposes,
Sheeted and swathed and wrapped in odour and gloom.
Yea! like some queen, with curious spiceries
And precious nards and balms and essences
So overfair within her amorous tomb,
That Death, white Death, in lovers' wise disposes
Of her sweet stillness, like a wanton groom,
And eagerly on her lips his lips imposes.

In order to render more enjoyable the next specimen we propose to cite, we must first quote a stanza from Mr. Austin Dobson's somewhat disppointing "Ballade of the Prodigals." It begins:—

PRINCES! — and you most valorous
Nobles and barons of all degrees,
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us
Beggars that come from the over-seas!
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray!
Lo!—for the Surcote's hem we seize—
Give us—ah! give us—but yesterday.

And this is the parody, which admirably takes off the weak points and affected rhymes :—

THE PRODIGALS.

Dedicated to Mr. Chaplin, M.P., Mr. Richard Power, M.P., and two hundred and twenty-three who followed them.

"MINISTERS!—you, most serious,
Critics and statesmen of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the motion of us,—
Senators keen for the Epsom breeze!
Nothing we ask or of posts or fees;
Worry us not with objections, pray!
Lo,—for the speakers wig we seize—
Give us—ah! give us—the Derby Day."

"Scots most prudent, penurious!
Irishmen busy as humblebees!
Hearken awhile to the motion of us,—
Senators keen for the Epsom breeze!
For Sir Joseph's sake, and his owner's, please!
(Solomon raced like fun, they say),
Lo,—for we beg on our bended knees,—
Give us—ah! give us—the Derby Day."

"Campbell—Assheton, be generous!"
(But they voted such things were not the cheese.)
"Sullivan, hear us, magnanimous!"
(But Sullivan thought with their enemies.)
And shortly they gat both of help and ease,
For a mad majority crowded to say:—
"Debate we've drunk to the dregs and lees;
Give us—ah! give us—the Derby Day."

Envoi.

Prince, most just was the motion of these,
And many were seen by the dusty way,
Shouting glad to the Epsom breeze,
"Give us—ah! give us—the Derby Day!"

Mr. Walt Whitman's very irregular and inflated style has never been better parodied than in the following, which also carries skilfully over into extravagance the high-flown persistent egotism, which seems so expressive of him:—

CAMERADOS.

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, following me;
Taking me by the buttonhole, pulling off my boots, hustling me with the elbows;
Sitting down with me to clams and the chowder-kettle;
Plunging naked at my side into the sleek, irascible surges;
Soothing me with a strain that I neither permit nor prohibit;

Flocking this way and that, reverent, eager, orotund, irrepressible;
Denser than sycamore leaves when the north winds are scouring Paumanok;
What can I do to restrain them? nothing, verily, nothing.
Everywhere, everywhere, crying aloud for me;
Crying, I hear; and I satisfy them out of my nature;
And he that comes at the end of the feast shall find something over.
Whatever they want I give: though it be something else, they shall have it.
Drunkard, leper, tammanyite, small-pox and cholera patient, shoddy, and cod-fish millionaire,
And the beautiful young men and the beautiful young women, all the same,
Crowding, hundreds of thousands, cosmical multitudes,
Buss me and hang on my hips, and lean up to my shoulders,
Everywhere listening to my yaulp, and glad whenever they hear it;
Everywhere saying, say it, Walt, we believe it.
Everywhere, everywhere

Certain writings have attained, by peculiar associations and use, such a hold on the deepest love and reverence universally, that parody of them, in the true sense, is inadmissible altogether. This holds of the Holy Scriptures especially. Scarce anything could justify such a writing, for example, as the "Chaldee Manuscript" of Hogg, Lockhart,

and Wilson, which Messrs. Blackwood & Son, it may be remembered, had to cancel and withdraw from their Magazine before it had been well issued; so that a copy now-a-days is a rare curiosity. And this, they did, it may be remembered too, not because of the sins against good taste and common reverence implied in the publication of such a writing; but only because of fear of an action for libel. Very astonished were we to read in Professor Ferrier's Introduction to the "Noctes Ambrosiæna" of Professor Wilson, that it would form a very suitable appendix to the work, and that "the people of the present day would be greatly amused by the pleasantry of this delicious *jeu d' esprit.* Even the parodies of Hone, which were informed by a far more serious purpose, can hardly be regarded as legitimate, any more than the irreverent lampoons of Byron and others — by which, evidently, these efforts of Hone were suggested. We shall see immediately, when dealing with a whole field of literature sanctified by peculiar associations, that parody of them needs a measure of *earnestness* to justify itself. In the same way parody of Scripture, even, may be raised above mere travesty and ridicule by a vein of earnestness akin to that which was active in their production. Luther did no

violence to the first Psalm when he thus parodied it :—

"Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the way of the Sacramentarians, nor sat in the seat of the Zwinglians, nor followed the Council of the Zurichers."

The same must be said of Dr. Norman Macleod's parody of the earlier verses of the first chapter of Genesis ; which is full of a fine irony :—

"Perhaps," he says, "the men of science would do well, in accordance with the latest scientific results, and especially the 'meteoric theory,' to re-write the first chapter of Genesis in this way :—

"1.—The earth was without form and void.
"2.—A meteor fell upon the earth.
"3.—The result was fish, flesh, and fowl.
"4.—From these proceeded the British Association.
"5.—And the British Association pronounced it tolerably good!"

But, as we have said, there is a whole body of literature, so sanctified by its higher and rarer influence, that parody of it can only be justified by the infusion of a moral purpose, in some sort correspondent to that (though on a lower level or minor scale) which moved the writer of the original

production. We are not certain that Mr. Tom Hood quite rose to a high enough level when he cleverly, but superficially, parodied Poe's "Annabelle Lee,"— a poem so deeply steeped in the tone and sentiment of regret over a pure and youthful love as not so readily to yield itself to this use as many other of Poe's poems. But thus wrote Tom Hood :—

THE CANNIBAL FLEA.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a District styled E.C.,
That a monster dwelt whom I came to know
By the name of Cannibal Flea;
And the brute was possessed with no other thought
Than to live,—and to live on me!

I was in bed, and he was in bed,
In the District named E.C.,
When first in his thirst, so accursed he burst
Upon me, the Cannibal Flea!
With a bite, that felt as if someone had driven,
A bayonet into me!

And this is the reason why long ago,
In that District called E.C.,
I tumbled out of my bed, willing
To capture the Cannibal Flea,
Who all the night, until morning came,
Kept boring away at me!
It wore me down to a skeleton,
In the District hight, E.C.

From the hour that I sought my bed—eleven—
  Till daylight he tortured me,—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
  In that District named E.C.),
I so often jumped out of my bed by night,
  Willing the killing of Cannibal Flea.

But his hops they were longer by far than the hops
  Of creatures much larger than he,—
  Of parties more long-legged than he;
And neither the powder nor turpentine drops,
  Nor the persons engaged by me,
Were so clever as ever to stop me the hop
  Of the terrible Cannibal Flea.

For at night with a scream I am waked from my dream,
  By the terrible Cannibal Flea, [size!—
And at morn I ne'er rise without the bites,—of such
  From the terrible Cannibal Flea;
So I'm forced to decide I'll no longer reside
  In the District—the District—where he doth abide,
The locality known as E.C.—
  That is postally known as E.C.!

———

Few modern poems would rank higher in the class of poems we are now dealing with, than the "In Memoriam," of Mr. Tennyson. Yet sections of it have been parodied over and over again—generally, we think, without that moral elevation which alone could justify them. This is one of the

best recent parodies of "In Memoriam;" but the ideas are, we judge, too commonplace :—

In Memoriam.

£ s. d.

"*Abiit ad plures.*"

BADEN-BADEN, MDCCCLXVIII.

I.

I HOLD it truth, with him who rings
  His money on a testing stone
  To judge its goodness by its tone,
That Gold will buy all other things.

It hides the ravages of years;
  It gilds the matrimonial match;
  It makes deformity "a catch";
And dries the sorrowing widow's tears.

Let love grasp cash, lest both be drowned;
  Let Mammon keep his gilded gloss;
  Ah, easier far to bear the loss
Of love, than of a thousand pound!

Let not the victor say with scorn,
  While of his winnings he may boast,
  "Behold the man who played and lost,
And now is weak and overworn."

* * * * *

III.

O, Fortune, fickle as the breeze!
O, Temptress at the shrine of Gain!
O, sweet and bitter!—all in vain
I come to thee for monied ease!

"The chances surely run," she says;
"But prick the series with a pin;
Mark well; and then go in and win!"—
Or lose! for there are but two ways.

And still the phantom, Fortune, stands
And sings with siren silvery tone:
Music that I may reach alone
With empty purse and empty hands!

And shall I still this fickle fair
With constant energies pursue?
Or do as other people do—
Escape the tangles of her hair?

* * * * *

XXVII.

I envy not in any mood
The mortal void of Mammon's lust,
Who never to a chance will trust,
And never Fortune's favours woo'd.

I envy not the plodding boor,
Whose stupid ignorant content
Cares not if odds on an event
Are 2 to 1, or 10 to 4.

Nor him who counts himself as blest,
And says, "I take the wiser way,
Because for love alone I play,
So gambling never breaks my rest."

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I lose the most,
'Tis better to have play'd and lost
Than never to have play'd at all.

Far more efficient and *morally* justified is the following after Mr. Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," in which we should notice also that the peculiarities of measure and diction do much to recommend it as fair game for the parodist. This is from "Punch" of October 12, 1878, and is styled :—

A DREAM OF QUEER WOMEN.

(With apologies to the Poet-Laureate.)

I READ, before mine eyelids dropt their shade,
The last romance from Mudie's, lately writ
By one who is considered—in the trade—
The flower of female wit.

Miss Blank, the famous writer, whose wild way
Of fiction-weaving was the first to fill
The startled times of good Victoria
With ghosts which haunt them still.

And for awhile I tumbled on my bed,
Her Art from slumber held me, as strong gales
Hold driven birds from lighting, and my head,
Chock-full of her strange tales,

Charged both mine eyes with horror. Her black band
Haunted my thoughts, and everywhere I saw
Beauty and Murder walking hand-in-hand,
Dogged by smart limbs of law.

At last methought that I had wandered far
Into some limbo, wild, inane, obscure,
Where all things seemed to jostle, jumble, jar,
And nought seemed straight or sure.

There was no freshness in the heavy air,
Nor any natural sound of speech or song,
The smell of patchouli reigned everywhere,
An odour stale yet strong.

And from within me something seemed to say,
"Be careful! This is an unhealthy clime.
Pass quickly through; you will not wish to stay
For any length of time."

At last I saw a Lady within call,
Stiffer than stiffest marble standing there;
A daughter of the giants, strangely tall,
And sulphurously fair.

Her hideousness with horror and surprise
Tied up my tongue. She, turning on my face
The lamp-like lustre of her goggle-eyes,
Spoke hoarsely in her place:—

"I'm an Art-Beauty! Do not ask my name,
I have so many!" (Here she heaved a sigh).
"The supersensuous critics sound my fame,
I'm sure I can't tell why."

"*I* marvel, too, the fact I won't conceal;
Your face appears pea-green, your locks look dyed,"
I answered free, and, turning, made appeal
To one who stood beside.

But she, with sour and spleenful looks averse,
To her lank height her bony body draws.
"My sex," she said, "is blighted by the curse
Of harsh man-fashioned laws.

"I am cut off from hope of that fair place
St. Stephen's hight, where men our shackles frame,
With issues that involve our deep disgrace
And their eternal shame.

"Yet I *can* speak—I *do* so now and then—
For of the shrieking sisterhood am I,
And still the bearded monsters, ruthless men,
The franchise dare deny."

Whereto that other with a scornful brow:—
"I'd put my dagger-edge to mine own throat
Could I not fool and rule fond man somehow,
Without a stupid Vote!"

Her bitter words flashed through the silence drear;
Methought "can an Art-beauty be a shrew?"
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here!
I want to look at you."

I, turning, saw, curled in an easy chair,
One sitting well wrapped up, as if from cold,
Her cheeks were peachy, and her fluffy hair
Was of the tawny gold.

She, flashing forth a Circe-smile, began :—
"I murdered men for fun—it was my trade;
But oh, 'tis long since I have slain a man.
Once, panther-like, I played

"With many husbands, and then shed their blood,
But life in this dim place is vastly slow;
I have no men to murder in my mood—
That makes my only woe!

"The men, my lovers, how they bowed their necks
'Neath the neat boots wherewith my feet were shod;
I witched them, and the sturdiest of the sex
Were vassals to my nod.

"At last the sly detective tracked me down;
I tried to coax *him*, but the brute was cold.
They found the last poor fool I tried to drown,
And for the rest—behold"!

With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polished ivory of her shoulders grand
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the convict's brand.

* * * * *

Losing her laughter, I stood drowsily
As doth a slavey with fatigue half-dead,
When lodgers' bells are ringing low and high,
Though it is time for bed.

"Alas! alas!" a low voice full of care
Grumbled beside me; "turn and look on me!
I'm the enamoured girl, as fast as fair,
If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some dowdy dull and cold.
O me! that I should ever see the light
Of those male optics burning, black, and bold,
Which haunt me day and night!

"I frisked and flirted, said most *risqué* things,
Mixed the salacious with the smart-profane,
Knew all about the kiss that burns and stings,
The clasp that fires the brain.

"Then came an ugly brute, all brawn and beard,
Witched me with insolence I fancied grand,
And, knowing not if most I loved or feared,
I gave the wretch my hand.

"He made me his mere slave. My fate was just!"
To whom the Panther, "Oh, you tamely fell!
You should have chloroformed the clown, and thrust
His carcase down a well."

With that smart speech, sheer horror's creeping thrill,
Cold at my heart, dissolved the agony
Of nightmare sleep. I woke, extremely chill,
And cramped, and much awry.

Morn breached the sombre ramparts of the dark,
Ere I saw her of the *agaçant* glance,
With mien like some Anonyma of the Park,
And morals fresh from France.

Or her who, flouting love as very trash,
And holding life's first aim the wedding-ring,
Deems not mere soft affection, but hard cash
The all-important thing.

No Miner labours harder from the deep
Dark mines of coal to hew the sooty seams,
When market-rates rule high, than I from sleep
To gather more such dreams.

Not that the visions pleased; they gave me pain.
Yet might it profit men could I but strike
Into that startling track of dreams again;
But no two dreams are like.

For me, I loathe, as an unholy pest,
The Women worshipped in these latter years,
With loathing that can hardly be exprest,
By shudders, groans, or tears.

Because these Creatures of Sensation-Art,
Failing in all that's natural, wholesome, sweet,
Sicken the fancy and oppress the heart
With weariness complete.

Separate lines and couplets have sometimes been successfully parodied. Most readers will remember Pope's lines :—

Here shall the spring its earliest sweets bestow,
Here the first roses of the year shall blow.

Catherine Fanshawe applied them to the Regent's Park with a very slight change, thus :—

> Here shall the spring its earliest coughs bestow,
> Here the first noses of the year shall blow.

In the "Rump" an exact collection of the choicest poems and songs relating to the times of 1639, we have "A Litany for the New Year," in which the following occurs :—

> From Rumps, that do rule against customs and laws,
> From a fardle of fancies styled a good old cause,
> From wives that have nails and wives that have claws,
> Good Jove deliver us.

Some of the parodies in Mr. Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" are happy specimens of the pure grotesque. They are not, however, distinguished by subtility or exceptional refinement, and therefore we are not called on to produce specimens here of what are already really so well-known.

VI.—Prose Parodies.

Of Prose Parodies it is needful to say only a few words. The temptation to parody prose is less than to parody verse; and for a good reason — the emphasis of prose, on which parody can be hung, is more distributed, less explicit. A good prose style, in being simple and unaffected, should hardly be susceptible of parody, — at any rate, not of effective parody. It is such a style as that of Mr. Carlyle which is most likely to tempt parodists; because he has endeavoured by the most persistent artifice to impart to prose something of the beat and recurrent rhythm of verse, while at the same time protesting actively against all jingling of rhyme and metre, &c., &c. Here again, even when looking at his writing with such a simple purpose as we have now in view, we are compelled to note the vital contradictions and falseness which pervade his writing. The best parody, of the many of Mr. Carlyle's writings we have seen, is that of Mr. Patrick Proctor Alexander, of Edinburgh, of which we must give one short specimen. It is titled "A

Discourse on Sauerteig," * and is a glorification of Sauerteig as the master in the art of the " cooking of historical pork-chops." Very sardonic and satirical are many of the passages ; this, perhaps, will be as effective an extract as any other :—

A singular Sauerteig-Soyer, taken in the actual fact, girt with his cook-aprons and unalterable culinary wrappages, brandishing his hero-gridirons, and infinitely manipulating with his *sauce piquante* and imaginary middle age pork-chops, may perhaps be a figure like few, worth glancing at a little in an occasional way. Latest culinary preparations of Sauerteig, long expected, hungered for, here before us at last, in two stout sufficient volumes, published at the rate of one pound sterling per volume (somewhat severe, O Sauerteig !), may perhaps be worth glancing at in an occasional way. Culinary preparations purporting to be of a certain Grimwold, high-shining, heroic, baronial figure, of the old King John and Richard eras ; " much deserving to be known, hitherto *not* much known, alas ! much *mis*-known as yet, the very little that we know of him." Poor glimpses of him here and there revealed for us in Monk Chronicle of one Jocelinus de Brakelonda, revealer also of a certain Abbott Samson, of whom readers have heard. *Which* Grimwold, a singular Sauerteig-Soyer, will unutterably proceed to *cook* for us, at the rate of one pound per volume (severe ! O Soyer and Sauerteig !) With slight prelude and jargoning of the understood sort :— hero-hood ! earnest soul ! noble life ! other the like ineffable cants and jargonings, most peremptorily *not* to

* Mill & Carlyle. With an occasional discourse on Sauerteig by Snellfungus. By Patrick Proctor Alexander, A.M.

be here inflicted on poor innocent readers; Sauerteig in a really rather clever, by no means quite inartistic way, will treat us as a *whet*, in the first instance, to some life image and visual presentment of his hero, Grimwold. Presentment passably well done in the approved Sauerteig manner. "Stalwart, nigh hero figure, *steel* figure on occasion; murky in some dubious, uncertain wrappages of buff, or the like jerkins, and other middle-age ware; somewhat grim-trenchant in the looks of him; nose massive (*valde grossum et emincutem*, monk dialect of Jocelinus,) of type, as I perceive, high Norman; eyes gleaming out, clear, menacing, from under the black bush brows, highly capable of *glaring*, if need be, and like enough to find need now and then:—a clear decisiveness of soul, veracity, earnest valour, looking out from the whole man, and breathing from every lineament of him:—a highly sufficient man and ruler of men, as the outcome of him will shortly convince us." With much to the like purpose, such as some of us may have seen before. A bit of historic portraiture, not without merit in its way; slight, not inartistic preliminary *cookery* of Grimwold, and whetting of the reader's appetite for him. Judge of our blank bewilderment of mind, when turning the page briskly to a new chapter, anxious to make further acquaintance with this sublime hero figure, we find ourselves discussing with Sauerteig—*what* in the fiend's name does a gentle reader suppose? Adam and fig-leaves we may venture to surmise in a modest way, is *not* what most readers would suppose. By the Eternities, O reader, no other; Adam and fig-leaves, fall of man; thence downwards by a very slow coach indeed, through Noah, certain domesticities, incidents here treated with a free humour, amusing enough, but questionable in these demure times! Noah! infinite other dreary patriarchs; Hebrew eras; old Roman, old Greek eras; still on, on, till we finally find ourselves, wandering

lost creatures (our high Grimwold, as should seem, gone from us, too probably for ever), wandering, wandering in thick inextricable jungles of Wends, Kurfursts, Margraves, and the like dolefullest "ghosts of defunct bodies;" still passionately seeking for a Grimwold, and alas! finding none; no thrice accursed Wend or Kurfurst of them all able to afford us the least hint of our Grimwold. Ye heavens! it is quite too bad; our hero, Grimwold, in whom we really had an interest, and disbursed two pounds to get news of him a little, rapt away from us *so*; and served up to us here, instead of him, mere disinterred carrion of Wends, Kurfusts, Margraves,—doleful creatures, of interest new to no soul, extinct, unavailable;—available to this, O Sauerteig, for making a thing called book, at somewhat a severe figure; otherwise for ever *un*available, uninteresting; sole poor interest we could have with them, to get them swiftly shovelled under ground again if we could, not without deep execration. Disinterred carrion, O Sauerteig, of mere Kurfursts and the like; plain carrion, actively insulting the nostril, to which *no* cookery could reconcile us. Palpable carrion, O Sauerteig! at the somewhat severe rate of one pound *per* volume down for it! phenomenon which, even in a swindler century, may be calculated to excite remark. Of a Sauerteig, who advertising his hero Grimwold to us, finds it needful, after one glimpse is given of him, to retire upon "Adam and fig-leaves," and thence with extremest tedium, through endless imbroglios of universal human history and stupidity, to work downwards towards his Grimwold; thus much may be said, at least, that he has hit upon a novelty in historical method. Be the praise of originality in the matter, likewise of some audacity, nowise denied to Sauerteig! "Igdrasil, the life-tree!" shriekest thou, O Sauerteig? as partly we seem to hear thee shriek: "Igdrasil! and how it all *grows*, and through all times and branchings of it, is

ever mysteriously *one!* how the present in every fibre of it does, in most real, irrefragable way, rest upon and relate itself to all fibres of the past; some understanding of the past, out of which it flowers and rises, necessary in order to any wise understanding of the present, &c., &c." Reflections, O Sauerteig, scientifically satisfactory to us from of old, yet somewhat, it should seem, of the barren species; in their own essentially rather poor basis satisfactory; distinctly *not* satisfactory to us; rather bosh to us, balderdash as regards this present matter; the just rage of us, desperately seeking our Grimwold (having paid our two poor pounds for him), seeking, seeking through wastes of mere Wends, Kurfursts—tearing our way through the thorny jungles—lacerating our poor souls and limbs there, not to be appeased, O Sauerteig! by your twaddling these poor cants and Igdrasils at us. On the whole, to dismiss this sad Kurfurst business, one feels much inclined, on the head of it, supposing such feat achievable, to *kick* Sauerteig as to some extent a *sham* and imposture, and desire him to refund some proportion of the money too plainly filched from us. A little further on we come on this sentence: "A Grimwold nowise indifferent to his victuals; with a good hero-twist of his own, a sound 'healthy animalism' *(Sinnlichkeit)* the basis of him, as of most other men I have known worth much in this God's world; to whom sacred bubbly-jock is most sacred, the hero rage at loss of him proportionate."*

* And to the phrase "healthy animalism" (*Sinnlichkeit*) this note, very full of fine satire, is appended :—"Goethe, poet so called of the Germans; supremely great figure to me in the literary dilettante days and infanthood; now in mature years getting to look somewhat of a *small* figure; his Faust and the like once thought to be great and the greatest, now seem to be *fiddle* merely; our high hero Goethe himself mere pitifulest supreme fiddler."

Of all the novelists of our day no one presents more temptations to the parodist than Mr. William Black, with his fine but high pitched scene-painting. Mr. Edmund Yates, in one Christmas number of "The World," made some not unlaughable points against him in "Leone Dare," by the McBillyblack, over which some fun may yet be had by those who have not seen it, and can alight on the number.

If we had wandered into the field of American *Vers de Société*, Dr. O. W. Holmes' happy efforts in that department would have had to be signalised, especially such poems as "The Last Leaf," and also some felicitous exercises of Mr. Stedman and Mr. Saxe. If we had aimed at exhaustive treatment of Parodies, several of Professor Aytoun's "Bon Gaultiet" ballads would have demanded notice, especially the parody of Mr. Tennyson's "Merman" and "Mermaid;" and likewise several of Mr. Bret Harte's broad and vigorous efforts; whilst, in Prose Parodies, we should also have had to refer to his "Condensed Novels" as fitting pendants to the several well-known novel parodies of Thackeray.

To give specimens of all the varieties of parody that are in their way worthy of citation, were impossible. Particularly do we recall a very clever parody of Mr. Browning's blank verse, with his

affectedly prosaic spelling of Greek proper names, in the *Examiner*, and another as good in several respects in *The World*. There are nowadays a whole class of clever satirical journals which make this a kind of feature, passing even into the refinements of Rondels and Rondeaus, &c., so that the supply is far from likely to fail. But it needs to be said that parody, though artificial in its nature, must not be too conspicuously *forced*, else the standard of requirement will be lowered. We see some tendency in this direction already: parodies are printed every week whose only claim to notice is their coarseness, and whose vulgar personality is their only point. Luckily they serve their purpose and pass; but, evanescent as this form of verse is, it has its own influence on the general taste, and it were to be wished that the editors of satirical journals were sometimes a little more alive to this point of view.

WIT AND HUMOUR AND POETRY.

IT is, of course, hardly possible that one can find all his favourites included in such a selection as that of Mr. Arthur H. Elliott, in "The Witty and Humorous side of the English Poets;" and if he is introduced to new friends, that ought to suffice him for the absence of some old ones. Mr. Elliott has evidently gone over the field carefully and with attention, and has gathered and grouped his specimens fairly well. But he has *reflected* too much, and yet to little purpose. Indeed, we suppose people always reflect to little purpose when they reflect too much. It is like doing a good and proper thing in the wrong way. It was quite right that Mr. Elliott should make some general remarks on "Wit and Humour" by way of preface to his volume; but then he should have satisfied himself about some great and essential distinctions. It

is somewhat disheartening to read that, "strictly speaking, Poetry has no right to be named in this connection. Poetry is an affair of the emotions, whilst Wit *and Humour* are products of the intellect. Poetry is the offspring of the heart, whilst wit and humour are outcomes of the mind." That decidedly is not encouraging. We must draw the line somewhere, but we would rather it had not been drawn exactly there, even in the most easy way, by Mr. Elliot. Humour, a product of the intellect; and opposed to Poetry as being a thing of the heart. Clear definition is a great gain in the outset; but then you must conform your whole work to the lines you have laid down. Mr. Elliott does not and cannot thus conform his work, and it is good and attractive in spite of his definition, his reflection, his theory. Why do we laugh? Mr. Darwin has his theory, derived from the peculiar line of study he has so indefatigably pursued, that the movement of the muscles thereby brought into play is a survival of something which originally had a different bearing. Mr. Elliott would probably say that it was because the intellect wanted play, and found it either through the exercise of Wit and Humour on its own part or on that of others. This is not satisfactory; because

the intellect, the instant that it thus begins to play, needs playfellows. Wit demands fancy, and Humour demands imagination, and is not disinclined to go forth arm-in-arm with sentiment and pathos, or to meet them on the way. If we laugh, it is scarcely so significant as an ass's bray unless the heart is touched; and unless in the perception of the merest verbal dexterities, the heart is always more or less touched. Why, for instance, do we so relish Mr. Mortimer Collins's fine passage in "The Birds" where he so aptly ridicules the Positivists:—

Life and the universe show spontaneity;
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity!
Churches and creeds are lost in the mists,
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

Wise are their teachers beyond all comparison—
Comte, Huxley, Tyndall, Mill, Morley, and Harrison.
Who will adventure to enter the lists
With such a squadron of Positivists?

* * * * *

Husbands and wives should be all one community,
Exquisite freedom with absolute unity.
Wedding-rings worse are than manacled wrists—
Such is the creed of the Positivists.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier,
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was a man and a Positivist.

If you are pious (mild form of insanity)
Bow down and worship the man of Humanity,
Other religions are buried in mists,
We're our own God, say the Positivists.

Now, what gives the real force to this? It is the sense that under this playful guise the heart speaks its serious protest, and makes the intellect for the nonce its merry-andrew. It is the contrast between the grave depth of the emotion in which the thought is rooted, and the grotesque and over-easy form in which the thought runs, that imparts the laughable element to it. Why does laughing so often lie so near to tears? Because the heart is often most near to the tenderest mood, when it will endeavour to veil it by verbal conceits and quips and cranks. We smile at the smartness of Hood's declaration that he "was a lively Hood for a livelihood," but he were an imperfectly-fashioned man who would admit no stirrings of any faculty in following its purport save only intellect. And, once more, what is satire? and what is its *raison d' être?* It is strictly the heart's passionate protest against forms of wrong or of abuse reduced to such terms of the intellect as render these inharmonious and disproportionate, on a plane alien even to that common to them. The most delicate satire may

thus be conveyed in the form of parody, which may therefore, in the most direct form, appeal to other faculties than the intellect.

Mr. Elliott is far better in his remarks on individual poems than he is on abstract principles and distinctions. He has missed some points. Mr. Perceval Graves, the author of "Songs of Killarney," should surely not have been omitted, for, according to our thinking, there were some fine bits of Wit and Humour in that volume; some more specimens of the "Apprentice of Lincoln's-Inn" should have been given — especially that admirable parody on Mr. Swinburne's Dedication of his "Poems and Ballads" to Mr. Burne Jones; and Tom Hood the younger, though, alas! no longer to be ranked among living writers, should have been more fully represented. Was he not a wit and a humourist with a touch of heart and true poetry, even in his lightest exercises? George MacDonald, too, has written a few humorous poems, and so have Mr. Gosse and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. We are not quite sure that Mr. Robert Buchanan will thank Mr. Elliott for including here the unacknowledged "Session of the Poets," clever though it undoubtedly is; and we are quite sure that Lord Southesk will not like to see his poems so dis-

figured by stupid misprints. What meaning has this verse :—

> The rule already works ; his s*l*ate
> A Quaker partly thus denotes,
> Besides, one seldom ever sees
> Believers in short shooting coats.

"Slate" should, of course, be "state," "Pyworne and Dixie," in the same page, should be "Pigworm and Dixie." There are many similar unfortunate misprints throughout. It is surely hardly correct to say that Burns "was the victim of religious hypocrisy and *aristocratic* neglect." Aristocratic neglect! Did Mr. Elliott bear in mind how he was heroised in Edinburgh, and how duchesses and ladies were captivated by him? Aristocratic attention spoiled him, then he made himself, alas! hardly worthy to be remembered. And it is, in a literary sense, very wrong to represent Burns's wit and humour merely by his satires on religious pretence, which is assuredly fierce. In place of one of these, quite sufficiently well-known already, Mr. Elliott should have given "Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed," or "Little thinks my love o' my beauty." We must, in parting from a book which, in spite of its defects and errors, is fitted to yield much pleasure, in justice give one specimen which is

not so well known as it used to be—Mr. John Poole's parody on Hamlet's famous speech to Ophelia :—

LET me tell you, Miss Ophelia, your behaviour's very rude,
And your whims and freaks and fancies ought in time to be subdued,
So, if my advice will better you, to give it is my duty;
Imprimis—Let your honesty discourse not with your beauty,
Won't you, won't you, won't you to a nunnery go?

I told you once I loved you, but 'twas easy to perceive
That I didn't care a fig for you, as now you may believe.
In future trust to nobody, we're arrant knaves at best,
And I (as soon you'll guess) am no better than the rest.
Won't you, &c.

If you marry (just to comfort you) this plague take for your portion,
You'll not escape from calumny, however great your caution;
But if you wed, pray wed a fool, if disengaged your heart is—
I need not state my reason—but 'tis better for all parties,
Won't you, &c.

I've heard too of your paintings—that you use both red and white;
Heav'n gave you one face, and to make another is not right.
Your pranks have made me mad, so no more wedding-bells shall jingle—
The married may remain so, but the rest shall all keep single.
Won't you, &c.

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS are the paradoxes of literature. Nothing could be more curious than a study of the varied feelings which prompt them — a record of the quaint, revengeful, humorous, regretful moods— of the half-waggish, half-desperate sorrow, and sometimes even the grim joy, that slips into them, and preserves itself there. Charles Lamb asserted that "satire does not look pretty upon a tombstone;" but human nature *will* have its own way; and there is, probably, no tablet with which the satirist has really been freer; making it serve him to set, as it were, the balance straight with the dead; and again transforming the hard and unfeeling marble into a grim medium on which to deposit his scorn for the weaknesses of the race. It is doubly suggestive and significant when the writer is also the subject. Then we have often

exquisite touches of irony concealing themselves under affected earnest, or broad satire sealed under quaintest self-revelation. To contemplate oneself as if one "were not," cannot readily be conceived as likely to give birth to unique playfulness of mood, nor capability to toss grotesque image upon image — piling Pelion on Ossa — to magnify one's right to be observed and spoken of. And yet so contradictory is the human heart, that no class of Epitaphs are fuller of interest, and even of amusement, than this one. Hawthorne said of one of his characters that he revealed himself by hiding his face ; and so, certainly we may say, it is here.

It is readily admitted that to joke over a grave— more particularly to joke over your own grave in prospect — seems the most inconsequent and irreverent of proceedings : and yet so strangely is man constituted, that he can, with almost better grace than any-where else, relieve his real feelings by a species of fun. The very best Epitaphs are smile-provoking. It is as if human gravity so long kept on the strain could not survive its own expression, and smiled perforce at catching a sight of its countenance. At all events, no places have been the depositories of more humour and oddity than churchyards. There is not one of any age which

does not possess its group of curiosities. Perhaps self-consciousness and egotism have their own share in the humour of churchyard literature. We all remember how that, when Hugh Miller tried to induce folks to employ him to cut grave-stone inscriptions by offering gratuitously to write Epitaphs for them, as he fancied he could do it better than they could do it for themselves, the very proposal frightened away all possible patrons, and he would soon have been at beggary had he not tried something else. To quote Charles Lamb again may seem supererogatory; but it is so strange to find him quarrelling with wit and oddity that the quaint irony of the situation may suffice to justify the citation: "I conceive disgust," he writes, "at these impertinent and misbecoming familiarities inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones;" but though he had earnestly set himself to improve them as Hugh Miller did, it is doubtful if he would have succeeded any better; we may even doubt whether a quaint name or a grim one would not have moved him to humorous utterance after all.

We have gathered many specimens of eccentric Epitaphs—some direct from the tombstones, others from Mr. Fairley's book, and other books, and we shall now set a selection before the reader. We

shall begin with a few on trades and professions—a very common type of Epitaph. This one from Houghton churchyard, on a blacksmith, has undoubtedly some character and clearness :—

My *sledge* and *hammer* lie declin'd,
My *bellows* too have lost their wind ;
My *fire* is spent, my *forge* decayed,
My *vice* is on the dust all laid ;
My *coal* is spent, my *iron* gone,
My *nails* are drove, my work is done;
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,
My soul, smokelike, soars to be blest.

This is from Ockham churchyard :—

Though many a sturdy oak he laid along,
Felled by Death's surer hatchet, here lies *Spong*.
Posts he oft made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And lived by *railing*, though he had no wit.
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,
And *stiles* corrected, yet was no grammarian.

The next is on George Joblin, shoemaker, Wallsend, and was written by himself :—

My *cutting-board's* to pieces split,
My *sign-stick* measures no more feet,
My *lasts* are broke all into holes,
My *blunt knife* will cut no more soles,
My *fuddling-caps* to thrums are wore,
My *apron* is to tie no more,
My welt goes out, my awls are broken,
And merry glees are all forgotten.

No more I'll use black ball or rosin,
My copperas and my shop-tub's frozen.
No more complaint for lack of work,
Nor count dead horse or kick the kirk.
My punches are with age grown smooth,
And all my bones grow little worth.
My lapstone's broke, my colour's done,
My gum glass' broke, my paste is run,
My hammer-head's broke off the shaft,
No more Saint Monday with the craft.
My nippers, strap, my stay, and rag,
And all my kit has got the bag.
My ends are sown, my pegs are driven,
And now I'm on the tramp to Heaven.

These lines, on another shoemaker, are in a Nonconformist graveyard in Manchester, called "Schofield's:"—

At the cobbler's door Death often made a stand,
And always found the cobbler as a mending hand.
Death came again in rough and stormy weather,
And tore the cobbler's *sole* from off the upper leather.

Cooks are often signalised in Epitaphs. This one "On a Yorkshire Cook" may be given:—

Underneath this crust
Lies the mouldering dust
Of Eleanor Batchelor Shoven,
Well versed in the arts
Of pies, custards and tarts,
And the lucrative trade of the oven.

When she lived long enough,
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised,
And now she doth lie
And make a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust may be raised.

This, on a London cook, is curt and apt enough :—

Peas to his Hashes.
[Peace to his ashes.]

Benjamin Franklin was a printer, and this Epitaph on himself is all the more expressive when this circumstance is borne in mind :—

The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself will not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.

Another on Franklin runs thus :—

B. F., the * (star) of his profession; the 111 (type) of honesty; the ! (admiration) of all; and although the ☞ (hand) of death has put a . (period) to his life, each § (section) of his life is without a ‖ (parallel).

Evidently the following on Louis Gedge, Type Founder, Bury St. Edmunds, owes something to the same idea as Franklin's :—

Here lie the remains of LOUIS GEDGE, Printer. Like a worn-out character he has returned to the Founder, hoping that he will be recast into a better and more perfect mould.

And so, it would seem, does this from Addiscombe churchyard, Devonshire, upon a Brickmaker :—

Here lie the remains of JAMES PADY, Brickmaker, in hope that his *clay* will be re-moulded in a *workmanlike manner*, far superior to his former *perishable materials.*

Beloe, in his anecdotes, gives the following on William Lawes, the Musical Composer, who was killed by the Roundheads :—

Concord is conquered! In his turn there lies
The master of great Music's mysteries;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
WILL LAWES was slain by men whose *Wills* were *Laws.*

This epitaph upon a Choir Leader is to be found in a church in Durham :—

JOHN BROMLEY'S body here doth lie,
Who praised God with hand and voice,
By music's heavenly melodies;
Dull minds he made in God rejoice.
His soul into the heavens is lift,
To praise Him still who gave the gift.

Llanfilanthhwyl, North Wales, supplies the next upon the Organ Blower :—

Under this stone lies MEREDITH MORGAN,
Who blew the bellows of our church organ.
Tobacco he hated ; to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when *pipes* he was filling.
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Tho' he made our church organ give many a *blast.*
No *puffer* was he tho' a capital *blower*,
He could fill double C, and now lies a note lower.

This on a famous boxer may be cited from a Wiltshire churchyard :—

Death took him in the *upper view*,
And gave him such a *brace* ;
The grapple turned him black and blue,
And made him shift his place.
Parts of *access* he next assailed
With such a *knockdown blow*,
As never yet to mortals fail'd
A total overthrow.

The following is inscribed on a stone in the churchyard at Lidford, Devon :—

Here lies, in *horizontal* position,
the outside case of
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, Watchmaker.
Whose ability in that line were an honour
to his profession.
Integrity was the *mainspring*,
And prudence the *regulator*
Of all the actions of his life.

Humane, generous, and liberal,
His hand never stopped
Till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions,
That he never went wrong except when set a-going
By people
Who did not know his key;
Even then, he was easily set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well,
That his hours glided away
In one continual round of pleasure and delight,
Till an unlucky minute put a *period*
To his existence,
On November 4, 1802, aged 57,
He was *wound* up,
In hopes of being taken in hand
By his Maker,
And of being thoroughly *cleaned, repaired, and set a-going*
In the world to come.

At Harrow is found this epitaph upon one Isaac Greentrees, reposing under a leafy shade:—

Beneath these green trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, ISAAC GREENTREES, lies;
The time shall come when *these* green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentrees rise above them all.

At St. Giles, in Norwich, a woman named Elizabeth Beddingfield is thus represented as speaking from her tombstone:—

My name speaks what I *was*, and *am*, and *have*,
A BED-IN-FIELD—a piece of earth and grave,
Where I expect, until my soul shall bring
Into the field an everlasting spring.
For rayse and rayse out of the earth and slime,
God did the first, and will the second time.

Passing over to the Isle of Man, in the churchyard of St. Ann's, we find this epitaph upon Daniel Tiers, who is said to have attained the unusual age of 110 years :—

Here, friend, is Uncle DANIEL'S tomb,
To Joseph's age he did arrive,
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
Tho' strange, 'tis true, full seventy years,
Was his wife happy in her *Tiers*.

At Broughton Gifford, in Wiltshire, is found the following. Above the epitaph is a figure holding a number of shields, from which death is drawing out one inscribed with the arms of the deceased named Long.

The life of man is a true lottery,
Where death draws forth lots, short and *long*,
Yet free from fraud and partial flattery,
He shuffles shields of several size among,
Draws *long*, and so, draws *longer* his short days,
The Ancient of Days, beyond all time to praise.

At Killingham in Essex is found the following upon Humphry Cole :—

> Here lies the body of good HUMPHRY COLE,
> Though black his name, yet spotless is his soul;
> But yet not black, though Cole is his name!
> Thy chalk is scarce whiter than his fame.

In the Church of Paul's Wharf, in London, the name of Mr. More thus evokes the skill of the graveyard rhymster :—

> Here lies *one More* and no *more* than he,
> *One More* and *no more!* how can that be?
> Why *one More* and no *more* may well lie here alone,
> But here lies *one More*, and that's *more* than *one.* *

Sometimes too there is a touch of the enigmatical on these trade-epitaphs, as in this case from the tombstone of a Smith at Fearn, in Forfarshire, who probably also had been engaged in dyeing :—

> Full seventy years he lived upon this earth,
> He lived to dye—the end of life is death—
> Here he was smith six lustres, and three more,
> The third thus wanted, it had but two before.

* A few of these epitaphs are derived from papers by the Rev. W. BEST, in *The Christian World.*

Hammersmith churchyard contains the following upon Thomas Worlidge, Painter, 1766—so beautiful that we must give it by way of variety :—

He who had art so near to nature brought
As e'en to give to shadows life and thought,
Had yet, alas! no art or power to save
His own corporeal substance *from* the grave.
Yet though his mortal part inactive lies,
Still WORLIDGE lives—for genius never dies.

The following on Henry Fox, Weaver, is to be found in the churchyard at Sleaforth :—

Of tender *thread*, his mortal *web* was made,
The *woof* and *warp* and *colours* early fade,
When power divine awakes the sleeping dust,
He gives immortal *garments* to the just.

Perhaps this may be matched by the following on a Linendraper :—

Cotton and cambrics, all adieu,
And muslin, too, farewell,
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
Three quarters, yard, or ell;
By nail and yard I've measured ye,
As customers inclined,
The churchyard now has measured me,
And nails my coffin bind.

The following is to be found in Essie churchyard, written on one, David Wightoun :—

Below this tomb there lieth thus,
Ean David Wightoun in the Bush ;
A rabie father was indeed,
As you may see this tomb to read ;
In English and arithmetic both
He could both write and spell ;
In Greek a great proficient—
In Hebrew did excell.

The following epitaph, often found in churchyards, is quaint in itself, but it will doubtless be felt to be still more so when it is mentioned that in the churchyard of Abinger, Surrey, it is placed over the grave of one who lived till her 86th year, and therefore may be said to have had fullest warning :—

Death does not always warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live.

The following, copied from a monument in the porch of St. Peter's Church, Wolverhampton, is not the least curious amongst those strange inscriptions :—

Near this place lies Charles Claudius Philipps, whose absolute contempt of riches and inimitable performances on the violin made him the admiration of all who knew

him. He was born in Wales, made the tour of Europe, and after the experience of both kinds of fortune, died in 1732.

Exalted soul, thy various sounds could please,
The love-sick virgin and the gouty ease;
Could jarring crowds like old Amphion move
To beauteous order and harmonious love;
Here rest in peace, till angels bid thee rise
And join thy Saviour's concert in the skies.

This, on an Italian, is certainly not very respectful to the medical profession :—

I was well,
Wished to be better,
Took physic, and died!

No more is the following, on a Surgeon :—

Here lies in repose, after great deeds of blood,
A hospital surgeon thorough,
Who bled for his own and his Country's good,
And St. Thomas's Hospital, Borough.

Here is one, perhaps as good, on a professed quack, who openly so declares himself :—

I was a quack, and there are men who say
That in my time I physick'd lives away;
And that at length I by myself was slain
By my own drugs, taken to relieve my pain.
The truth is being troubled with a cough,
I, like a fool, consulted Dr. Gough,

Who physick'd me to death by his own will,
Because he's licensed by the State to kill.
Had I but wisely taken my own physic,
I never should have died of cold and 'tisic.
So all be warned, and when you catch a cold,
Go to my son, by whom my medicine's sold.

The legal profession does not fare very well in epitaphs. Here is one from the Parish churchyard in Bolton, Lancashire :—

God works wonders now and then—
Here lies a Lawyer and an honest man.

John Rosier, of the Queen's Bench, who thus speaks about himself from a stone in Ludenbridge Churchyard, Devon, is fain to make himself out a wonder and honest man :—

Lo ! with a *warrant sealed* by God's decree,
Death, his *grim sergeant*, hath *arrested* me :
No *bail* was to be given, no law could save
My body from the prison of the grave ;
Yet, by the Gospel, my *poor soul* hath got,
Its *supersideas*, and death seized it not.
Faith doth assure me, God, of his great love
In Christ, shall *send a writ* for my remove,
And set my body, as my soul *is*, free,
With Christ to dwell. Come glorious, liberty !

The short-lived nature of the widow's sorrow is often satirized. The following is from a churchyard in Staffordshire :—

The turf has drank a
Widow's tear;
Three of her husbands
Slumber here.

The tearful widow was still enjoying life in the society of a fourth partner.

The incompatibility of husbands and wives is a fruitful subject. This is one specimen by a French husband :—

Here lies my wife,
A fact that must tell
For her repose,
And for mine as well.

This has a touch of the more laconic Scotch humour; it is from the Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh:—

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

This is another of the same from an Australian graveyard :—

Here lies my wife POLLY, a terrible shrew.
If I said I was sorry, I should lie too.

Names, whether queer or grim, sometimes furnish a fine point for the epitaph. Here is one on a man named Cave, from Barrow-upon-Soar, Leicestershire :—

Here in this grave there lies a CAVE ;
We call a cave a grave,
If cave be grave, and grave be Cave,
Then reader judge I crave
Whether doth Cave lie here in grave
Or grave lie here in Cave ;
If grave in Cave here buried lie,
Then, grave, where is thy Victory ?
Go, reader, and report here lies a Cave,
Who conquers Death and buries his own grave.

Here is another happy one on Mr. Joseph King :—

Here lies a man than whom no better's *wal-king*,
Who was when sleeping even always *tal-king ;*
A *king* by birth was he, and yet was no king,
In life was *thin-king*, and in death was JO-KING.

We cannot pass by without giving the two following, which are very happy illustrations of this class. They are both from Bath Abbey :—

Here lies ANNE MANN ; she lived an
Old maid and died an old *Mann.*

On John Sullen :—

Here lies JOHN SULLEN; and it is God's will
He that was *sullen* should be *sullen* still.
He still is *sullen* if the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomsday, *Sullen* will not speak.

The record of the manner of the death often affords a grotesque element, as in this case. William, son of William Lawrence, Vintner, Usan, in Forfarshire, was drowned in a draw-well, October, 1787, aged 3 years, and was buried in Maryton churchyard, with this epitaph :—

Doth infants' pain and death proclaim
That Adam did rebel?
His destiny declares the same,
Being drownèd in a well.
Let all who mourn his early death
Hate sin, the fatal cause,
And flee to Jesus Christ by faith.
Who saves from Satan's jaws.

Another epitaph at Kirkden, in Scotland, tells that—

An old clay chimney that down fell
Killed both his servant and himsel'.

Another quaint epitaph at Peterhead, in Scotland, is to the memory of George Tait, in Redbog, who, "after having liv'd 48 years in the fear of God

and love of all good men, was upon the 30th of May, 1758, killed by the fall of a stack of timber at Peterhead, justly lamented by all his friends, and sincerely regretted by all who knew him :"—

Stay, reader, and let fall a tear,
On looking at this stone,
But call not anything severe
That Providence hath done.

Expecting death, the good man lives,
Prepared from day to day;
And when God's will the summons gives,
He's ready to obey.

This good man lived by all beloved,
And dy'd by all deplor'd,
Dwelt here awhile and then remov'd
To dwell with Christ the Lord.

This is from the grave of a man named Cole, in Lillington church, Dorset, date 1669 :—

Reader, you have within this grave
A Cole rapt up in dust,
His courteous fate saw it was late,
And that to Bed he must.
Soe all was swept up to be kept
Alive until the day,
The trump should blow it up and show
The Cole but sleeping lay.
Then doe not doubt the Cole's not out,
Though it in ashes lyes,
That little sparke, now in the darke,
Will like the Phœnyx rise.

Pride of birth is frequently satirized ; and one of the best specimens of this class is that on Matthew Prior :—

Gentlemen, here by your leave,
  Lie the bones of MATTHEW PRIOR,
A son of Adam and Eve,
  Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?

This is from the churchyard of St. Cyrus, Forfarshire :—

ALEX. ROBERTS, died 1798 ; his wife, CATHERINE SEATON, died 1796.

If honour wait on pedigree,
  And ancient blood we boast ;
I claim descent from Adam,
  Who of mankind was first.
From Noah next my line I have
  Through Cambria's hardy sons,
To Scotia's bleak but friendly clime,
  In earth to lay my bones.

We meet, however, with a still earlier announcement of the same idea in an old Scottish churchyard ; and the reader will doubtless admit that it is as characteristic as any of the later ones. It runs :—

JOHNNY CARNEGIE lies here
  Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif only can gang hieher,
  I'se willing give him leve.

Matthew Prior had no doubt borrowed from this.

This is a good anecdote, with a dash of genuine Irish wit:—

Patrick O'Brien was one day strolling with a friend through a graveyard, when his eye was arrested by an epitaph which shocked his sense of propriety and veracity:—

"Weep not for me, my children dear,
I am not dead, but sleepeth here."

"Well," said Paddy, "if I was dead I should be honest enough to own it."

This, on Mr. Pat Steel, rather errs the other way in its sardonic interrogation:—

Here lies PAT STEEL,
That's very true.
Who was he? what was he?
What is that to you?

Pat was certainly not a Scotchman, and as certainly not an Irishman; it breathes of Yorkshire wit.

There is a pawky communicativeness about this other Scotch one:—

Here lies interred a man o' micht,
His name was MALCOLM DOWNIE,
He lost his life ae market nicht,
By fa'in off his pownie.

The virtues of strong drink are celebrated in this from the Cathedral Yard, Winchester:—

> Here rests in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
> Who killed himself by drinking poor small beer,
> Soldiers be warned by his untimely fall,
> And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all.

The humour of the next renders it, we should think, unique. We do not know where it is to be found. It is on a notorious liar:—

> Here rests at last Prevaricating WILL,
> He *loudly lied* in life, and now *lies still.*

This, on an avaricious man from Preston, is excellent:—

> At rest beneath this churchyard stone
> Lies stingy JEMMY WYATT,
> He died one morning just at ten, and
> Saved a dinner by it.

On old Scottish tombstones occasionally the national vices of drink and grippiness are slyly touched. Here is what we think a happy instance:—

> Here lies the great NEWMILL,
> Who liket aye the ither gill,
> Aye ready wi' his aith and curse,
> But never cared to draw his purse.

This from the churchyard of Fetteresso, on "James Robertson, who died at Fetteresso 1803, aged 63," may further illustrate this point :—

> That JAMES had failings must be confessed,
> But he had virtues by few possessed.

Here, however, is an English epitaph in which the vice of drunkenness is celebrated with the more effect that the subject was a carrier :—

> JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
> A carrier who carried the can to his mouth well;
> He carried so much and he carried so fast,
> He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
> For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
> He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.

This gives anecdote and epitaph at once, and both are worth quoting :—

Some years since a MR. DICKSON, who was Provost of Dundee, in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph on him; which sum he directed his three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea amongst them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which ran as follows :—

First.—Here lies Dickson, Provost of Dundee.
Second.—Here lies Dickson, Here lies he.
The third was put to it for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled out:
Hallelujah, Halleluje!

Not seldom a mere play on a word gives a very grotesque air :—

FRANCES and PETER WISELEY, Insch 17, February, 1843, aged 11 and 9 years respectively.

In *one* house they were nursed and fed,
Beneath *one* mother's eye,
One fever laid them on *one* bed,
On *one* bed both their spirits fled,
And in *one* grave they lie.

John Barclay, minister at Kinnaird, son of the laird of Johnstone, died in 1675 :—

Barclasim forsan culpas de cœlite vita,
Falleris ; uxores duxerant ille novem.

Of BARCLAY's single life if you complain,
You err ; he had for wives the muses nine.

The following epitaph from Glamis, in Forfarshire, is noticeable for the beauty of the sentiment in the last verse—having a striking resemblance to the expression which the famous German Lessing made use of to one of his correspondents when telling him of the death of his first and only child :—

James Rhind, 1 year, 5 mos. d. 1734.

Here lies a sweet and loving child,
Ah, cover'd o'er with mud,
Resembling well the lilie fair,
Cropt in the very bud.

This charming saint but just did peep
Into this world, and then,
Not liking it, he fell asleep,
And hasten'd out again.

The following, of date 1734, is certainly quaint :—

Man's life on Earth, even from the Womb,
Is Full of Tearths to his Tumb;
He enters in with Cryes and Fears,
And passeth thro' with Cars and Tears,
He Goeth out with sighs And groans,
And in the Earth doth lodge his bons.
O that our Souls with Christ may have
A Lodging place beyond the Grave,
To rest, and Hallouge sing
Eternally to Heaven's King.

There is a deep and quaint wisdom in this epitaph from the churchyard of Doncaster :—

Wha! wha! wha's here?
I, ROBERT OF DONCASTERE—
What I spent, that I had;
What I saved, that I lost;
What I gave, that I have.

The next is from Farnell churchyard in Forfarshire :—

Under this monument of stone,
There rests in peace the bones of one.
ROBERT LYELL call'd by name,
Who fear'd God & hated shame.

Like to the glass, man's life does pass,
And all are born to die;
Or as the sun, his time does run
Till't grasp eternitie.

The next, from the *Dundee Magazine*, is said to have been in the churchyard of Coupar-Angus :—

Erected by the *deceast*, GEORGE SMALL, and his mother, MARGARET HUSBAND, and all her children, *except John.*

This is from a churchyard near Thornton, Yorkshire :—

Here lies the body of JOHN TROLLOPE,
Whose hands made these stones to roll up;
When God Almighty took his soul up,
His body went to fill the hole up.

The undernoted, from Aberdour, is noticeable for the unconscious manner in which the writer slips from the bombast of the first verse into wholesale appropriation of Mrs. Hemans's fine and world-known verse :—

JOHN MONCUR died 22nd April, 1853, aged 15 years.
ROBERT died at sea, October 13, 1856, aged 22 years.

Ye readers all, both old and young,
Your time on earth will not be long:
We was like two lilies fresh and green,
Who was cut down and no more seen.

We grew in beauty side by side,
  We filled one home with glee ;
Our graves are severed far and wide,
  By mountain, stream, and tree.

The next is from the parish church at Chagford, Devon. A military father records the death of a son, and the *naïveté* with which the warlike sire makes his son's tomb a monument to his own glory is worth noting :—

William Rogers placed me here :
  Ireland is his Nation,
Longford once his dwelling-place,
  The Heaven's his habitation.

When he is dead, and in his grave,
  And all his bones are rotten,
Upon this stone you'll find his name,
  When others are forgotten !

Our next shall be a very curious one, from a tombstone in the churchyard of Wigtown, in Scotland, after a list of the deaths of different members of the family of an inhabitant of that town, and is said to have been written by the son whose memory it celebrates :—

And his son John, of honest fame,
In stature small, and one leg lame ;
Content he was with portion small,
Kept shop in Wigtown and that's all.

The following letter, which is worth reprinting, appeared some time ago in the *Spectator* :—

A QUAINT EPITAPH.

Sir,—As you are not one to despise "unconsidered trifles" when they have merit, perhaps you will find room for the following epitaph, on a Deal Boatman, which I copied the other day from a tombstone in a churchyard in that town :—

In Memory of George Phillpot,
Who died March 22nd, 1850, aged 74 years.

Full many a life he saved
With his undaunted crew;
He put his trust in Providence,
And cared not how it blew.

A hero; his heroic life and deeds, and the philosophy or religion, perfect both in theory and practice, which inspired them, all described in four short lines of graphic and spirited verse! Would not "rare Ben" himself have acknowledged this a good specimen of "what verse can say in a little?" Whoever wrote it was a poet "without the name."

There is another in the same churchyard, which though weak after the above, and indeed not uncommon, I fancy, in seaside towns, is at least sufficiently quaint :—

In Memory of JAMES EPPS BUTTRESS, who, in rendering assistance to the French Schooner, "Vesuvienne," was drowned, December 27th, 1852, aged 39.

Though Boreas' blast and Neptune's wave
Did toss me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below;
And here I do at anchor ride
With many of our fleet,
Yet once again I must set sail,
Our Admiral, Christ, to meet.

Also two sons, who died in infancy, &c.

The "human race" typified by "*our fleet*," excites vague reminiscences of Göethe and Carlyle, and "our Admiral Christ" seems not remotely associated in sentiment with the "We that fight for our fair father Christ," and "The King will follow Christ and we the King," of our grand poet. So do the highest and the lowest meet. But the heartiness, the vitality, nay, almost vivacity, of some of these underground tenantry is surprising. There is more life in some of our dead folk than in many a living crowd.—I am, Sir, &c., A.D.

As a kind of quick but inconsistent despatch of epitaphs, this on Robert Barras may be given :—

Poems and epitaphs are but stuff,
Here lies BOB BARRAS, and that's enough.

Perhaps the most concise of all recorded epitaphs is that which Thomas Fuller — the witty, but still

thoughtful divine of the seventeenth century—wrote for himself: "*Fuller's earth;*" and, taking a hint from him, we here close our little essay not unfitly, recommending his example to those who may have the painful duty devolve upon them of writing Epitaphs.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.

MUCH has been said recently about the relations of Science and Poetry; and chapters, nay volumes, have been written to demonstrate on the one hand that Poetry suffers from the progress of Science, and, on the other, that it does not do so. Principal Shairp, and Professor Dowden, and Doctor John Nichol, and Mr. James Sully, have each said his say, with no end of accompanying comment from the daily and weekly press. Reasoning that may confuse as well as clear-up has been used, and many illustrations more or less apt, and fine writing has also played its part. To our thinking the matter can be made pretty plain in two short paragraphs.

The man of science is concerned simply with the truth for the intellect that lies amid external objects. His business is to classify, and to bring varied objects under one law. So far as specific

emotion intrudes it is a hindrance, and nothing but a hindrance, to him in his work. He fails if he does not either add individuals to the group he is concerned with, or does not do something to merge one group into another, in the application of a wider law. For the poet, again, the classifications of the man of science exist merely as so many possible symbols subservient to the musical expression of emotion : and, thus viewed, the truths of Science in relation to the poet are only modified truths of natural appearance — no more. The very fact that he can find in them fit vehicles or symbols for the expression of emotion assumes that already they are accepted truths in the circle that he would appeal to ; and no modification of scientific knowledge can ever affect such truth *in relation to that emotion* for which he has found it fitting. The two are by him "matched as cymbals fine," and wherever there is a heart capable of experiencing that emotion in an adequate degree, it must perforce acknowledge the harmony that the poet has exhibited. In truth, the poet is not primarily in any respect an "interpreter of nature," but an interpreter of that which is most common and universal in human nature — emotion, or thought saturated by emotion, and his relation to scientific truths

of nature is indirect and dependent totally on that other ; unless, indeed, he descends from the vantage-point of the poet and becomes descriptive merely, on which ground it is quite possible that the scientific writer may run abreast with him.

Science, therefore, instead of narrowing the field of Poetry, extends it, by presenting the greater and more varied field of symbol and image. The immense field of Shakespere's knowledge (which seemed to embrace so wide a sweep of all that was then known) did not lessen him as a poet, but supported him ; and precisely the same would it be now, supposing the appearance of a genius with equal depth and dramatic universality ; and even where modern Science corrects Shakespere on separate points it does not detract an iota from the value of his images as interpreters of poetic feeling. Within his circle they are as fresh and as valid as the day on which he wrote them, just as is the figure of the Psalmist about the sun coming forth like a bridegroom to run a race.

THE ANT AS A MORALIST.

Of the "scientific spirit" it may be said, in the language of the laureate, that it sits apart,—

> "Holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all;"

and greatly piques itself on its immunity from "disturbing elements." Though sometimes the common interpreters disagree among themselves, and flatly contradict each other, yet the "spirit" remains untouched, and yields, even in this, its unceasing testimony to unity, to evolution, and to "design in nature." Of course there are "degeneracies in transmission" here too, but that only adds force to the law of development, as the exception proves the rule. We can never forget how much struck

we were when the heat of the Vivisection debate called forth an opinion about the amount of suffering cold-blooded creatures may undergo on being immersed in hot water, and how the various experts passed from cold to hot in their endeavour to do justice to the spirit of science. A friend of ours threw down at the time a few thoughts on that matter which must form another chapter to follow this one. Our main point in the meantime is that the Ant has proved a singular stumbling-block to the man of science working in the spirit of his time. The Ant undoubtedly shows some of the results of brain, and yet he has no brain proper according to the men of science, only *ganglions* or gathered-up nuclei of nervous matter. He has but a little straggling nerve thread drawn through his tiny frame ending in his head, or what we call his head, if that can be head which has no brain, and he scarcely ought, on any scientific principle, to be the wise and provident Ant. Sir John Lubbock's observations, undertaken in the most disinterested spirit, have done much to re-establish the good character of the Ant, notwithstanding that he had apparently no preconceived intention of "making points" either way. He has simply, in so far, made the Ant give an account of himself; and, in doing this, has, in effect,

attested the truth of the words of Solomon. A remark, indeed, might be made on the determination, Sir John has exhibited to show no preferences in his selection : the only possible point of criticism perhaps arising here. For there is something in his process which might only too closely correspond to your seizing from Fleet Street a number of notorious land-lubbers and *habitués*—who, like, Dr. Johnson, hated anywhere else—and packing them on board ship all by themselves, to steer, to pull ropes, and to put in their places planks which you have put down in the way for that purpose. And you expect the land-lubbers all at once to act like sailors and show no confusion or awkwardness. Some may have done a little *sparring* in their time, and that is now to be made a good ground of complaint that they cannot anticipate your plans, and do some *sparring* now. One remark is at once suggested here—that if you cannot observe creatures in their natural habitats, undisturbed, you must give them a very long time to correct the one-sidedness of the conditions in which you have placed them, however much you have done to preserve the balance. A very great deal may depend on *accidents*, indeed such accidents (if we *may* speak of them as accidents) as have determined human history ; such accidents,

we mean, as whether you happen to have included among your prisoners an Ant of genius or not. For, given something beyond instinct, as instinct is generally understood something approaching to reason and power of thoughtful adaptation to new circumstances, it wants a good deal of time to display itself. This was notably exemplified by the case of a traveller in the West Indies, if we remember rightly, whose story was told in *The Spectator*. He had the good luck to be brought into acquaintance with a body of Ants, who chanced to have located themselves on the side of a railway line, over the metals of which they persevered for a time in crossing in search of what they most relished, no doubt. Periodically, portions of the trains of Ants were of course killed by trains running over the metals, "diamond cut diamond," and no mistake. For a time, however, the Ants stuck to their course, having apparently reached some theory of averages, and made up their minds to the risk. Fortunately, our observer had the time and the inclination to observe long enough, else the reputation of the Ant would have suffered unfairly. At length, the railway trains increasing, more Ants were killed, with of course, more risk to all the metal-climbing Ants that would follow them. Suddenly the climbing ceased—ceased ab-

solutely, he says—the community, doubtless led by an Ant of genius—a kind of John Ruskin of Anthood, marshalling his young men with pick and spade—appeared in force, and forthwith began systematically to make tunnels under the rails, which tunnels they persistently used thereafter, at once restoring them if they were injured or filled up. The truth is the Ant remains a problem in spite of the efforts of scientific men to lower him from his high pedestal. He refuses to be so lowered, and insists on holding up his head, with the old moral—the moral of Solomon—written ineffaceably upon it, it may be by way of phylactery. But it is not to be observed away, far less to be laughed away, even by those whose laughter is not the crackling of thorns under the pot. Mr. Mark Twain is a rare *wag;* but sometimes he wags the wrong way. Listen to him about Ants: he has read Sir John Lubbock and some others, and fancies he has exhausted the secret of Anthood, plucked out the very heart of its mystery. Here surely is a passage that is neither quite broad enough, nor quite fine enough—it is earnest, humorous, moral, satirical, ironical, tragical, comical all in one, and must, therefore, be very original.

"Science has recently discovered," he says, "that

the Ant does not lay up anything for winter use. This will knock him out of literature to some extent. He does not work, except when people are looking, and only then when the observer has a green, naturalistic look, and seems to be taking notes. This amounts to deception, and will injure him for the Sunday schools. He has not judgment enough to know what is good to eat from what isn't. This amounts to ignorance, and will impair the world's respect for him. He cannot stroll round a stump and find his way home again. This amounts to idiocy, and once the damaging fact is established, thoughtful people will cease to look up to him, the sentimental will cease to fondle him. His vaunted industry is but a vanity and of no effect, since he never gets home with anything he starts with. This disposes of the last remnant of his reputation, and wholly destroys his main usefulness as a moral agent, since it will make the sluggard hesitate to go to him any more. It is strange beyond comprehension that so manifest a humbug as the Ant has been able to fool so many nations and keep up so many ages without being found out.

"The Ant is strong, but we saw another strong thing, where we had not suspected the presence of

much muscular power before. A toadstool—that vegetable which springs to full growth in a single night—had torn loose and lifted a matted mass of pine needles and dirt of twice its own bulk into the air, and supported it there, like a column supporting a shed. Ten thousand toadstools, with the right purchase, could lift a man, I suppose. But what good would it do?"

Now, this admirably illustrates the weary, dreary, wishy-washy provincialism of some kinds of modern humour over which weak young men are too prone to giggle. Science has *not* proved anything of the kind Mr. Mark Twain would have us to believe. It proves that certain Ants do store up seeds, &c., not only Ants in the far East, where poor old Solomon dwelt in all his glory, but in Europe, and in the very spots where Mr. Mark Twain set his foot in order to make the book in which he wrote the above. Perhaps he trod on a nest, who knows? and was stung and bitten by the "harvesters." Perhaps he mistook them for the Sacred Scarabæus, and treated them with awe and silence—the harvesters! Hence the apparent neglect of science, which has from of old been at odds with religion. Only we are certain that at Mentone, or near Turin, Mr. Mark Twain might have seen Ants neither English nor American,

but harvesters. And they are no *hum-bugs*. In spite of his little joke, the Sunday-schools have not yet lost all the lesson of the Ants' seed-storing and other things, and will not for a long time lose it—not, perhaps, in Mr. Mark Twain's day. Or is it that Mr. Mark Twain has overtopped Moggridge, and knows better? and we are fighting with a straw, or breaking on the wheel not a butterfly but an—Ant!

Men like Mr. Mark Twain so admirably reconcile wide scientific knowledge with satiric point that we are fain to enquire whether it is not possible that some portions of his passage on Ants could not be appended to the works of Mr. Darwin and Sir John Lubbock as supplements, to supply what in them is so sadly lacking, towards which they nevertheless point. Perhaps then the Sunday School Union and Mr. Matthew Arnold might both find in them apt illustrations of culture become cynical and allied with wit!

But Mr. Mark Twain is delightful, really observant, full of facetiæ, and exercised in all manner of *asides*. But he does sometimes tend to overdo it, when he would be "highly moral" in his own way, and does

not draw the line where we think it would often be greatly to his profit if he would draw it. For really, you know, even the great Mr. Mark Twain must draw the line somewhere!

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE at one place says that the idle are always cruel. This may be true, but there can be no doubt that the busy can be cruel also, as he himself aptly demonstrated in his story of the Poisoned Flowers. Men absorbed in one aim, with eye directed towards a definite goal, often inflict great suffering, not from any delight in it, but from sheer abstraction from the rights and demands of other creatures. In days like ours, and amidst an artifical society, with conflicting interests ever increasing, the cruelties of the idle are likely to be more effectively dealt with than the cruelties of the busy and absorbed. Cock-fighting has been made an end of; bull-baiting has been put down; the ægis of the law has been thrown over the poor dogs, which used to be attached to miniature carriages and waggons, and driven, panting, till they

dropt; a drunken costermonger is no more at liberty to maul his own donkey as he pleases. A keen sympathy with animals—first stirred deeply by the poetry of Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth—has been kept alive by various influences, and the legislature has repeatedly endorsed and confirmed it. Few men nowadays would openly avow that they had been parties to torturing a dumb creature. But a new illustration has just been given to the public of how the busy may be cruel, and on their plain confession gradually grow indifferent to pain, even while seeking for the best means to assuage it.

He would be less than trustworthy who would fail to acknowledge the vast debt society owes to the medical profession, not less to those who labour to add to its scientific armoury, than to those who are instant in ordinary practice. But a glance at a certain report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection does a little tend to discompose the impartial layman.

First of all, we find the most eminent physiologists of the kingdom, men who are said to be familiar with the abstrusest secrets of the human frame, disagreeing *in toto* about the amount of pain inflicted on certain animals by certain experiments. Dr. Pavy, for instance, does not think that a healthy

frog suffers much from the experience of being put into boiling water; but Dr. Sibson holds that Goltz's experiment of boiling a frog to death is a horrible idea; and Dr. Swayne Taylor has no doubt that putting a frog into water at 100° Fah., like putting a warm-blooded creature into 212° is a cruel experiment, and he cannot see what purpose it would answer. Dr. Sibson did not think that any suffering worth speaking of would be involved in raising the temperature of animals till they died, that is, baking them; but Dr. Sharpey said "that the baking of animals and the freezing them to death are very severe experiments, worth making once, but ought not to be repeated;" a point on which Dr. Burdon Sanderson was at one with him. Opinion was certainly various enough even about the warm-blooded animals. Dr. Rutherford remarked that it was "wonderful what you could do to a sheep-dog without the animal making any commotion;" and he drew thence a very handy inference—for the physiologists; but Dr. Klein acknowledged that he had verified the old saw which made "cats uncanny," and for fear of being scratched, and no other reason, he indulged them with a little chloroform before vivisecting, which shows that medical equity in the way of assuaging

pain does not at any rate proceed on the usual principle of recognising desert. We are not sure whether in the light of Dr. Rutherford's remarks about the "wise passiveness" of the dog-tribe, we do not reach a new illustration of design, when we find Dr. Swayne Taylor saying that "a dog experiences the effects of poison (of all animals) most like a human being; the doses of poison for a middle-aged dog being similar to those which will act on a human being, while the symptoms of suffering are very much the same." But Dr. Swayne Taylor humanely adds, "There is something very dreadful in the operation of strychnine upon a dog—it no doubt suffers agonizing pain." Dr. Rutherford asserts that little or no pain is caused to dogs paralysed by curari, while foreign substances are being injected into them to stimulate secretion of bile; but Dr. Hoggan firmly holds that "the pain inflicted would be much more intense than a gall-stone passing along the bile-duct of the human subject."

The battle of divergent opinion, however, raged most wildly round the frog. Dr. Lister did "not believe that the sufferings of the frog were worthy of serious consideration;" Dr. Simon again had no

doubt as to the frog's full sensibility to pain. Dr. Pritchard had "performed thousands of operations on animals, and had never yet been able to detect any difference in sensation between the skin of either one or the other and the human subject save this, that the cuticle was thicker in some animals than in others, and of course, the knife had to penetrate deeper to reach the sensitive structure; but this once reached, he thought it as sensitive in the one animal as in the other." Perhaps Dr. Pritchard believes in the identity of protoplasm and all its possibilities; but it is odd that, though he has reached these convictions, he confesses that, whilst he would never think of applying chloroform to dogs at all, he agrees with Dr. Klein in the decisive confession—"Would use it on a cat." (!)

Though it needs to be acknowledged that, during the years Dr. Klein has been working in English laboratories, he has been singularly successful, and has done great service to medical science, yet it is surely cause for deep regret either that he should have spoken with such decision, or that he could not honestly do else. He was so much inclined to modify materially what he had said in correcting the proofs that the only course left open to the Commissioners was to print his evidence from the

short-hand notes, and his corrected version of it side by side. There we find him answering two most important questions, thus :—

When you say that you only use them (anæsthetics) for convenience sake, do you mean that you have no regard at all for the sufferings of the animals?—No regard at all.

You are prepared to establish that as a principle which you approve?—I think that with regard to an experimenter, a man who conducts special research, and performs an experiment, he has no time, so to speak, for thinking what the animal will feel or suffer. His only purpose is to perform the experiment, to learn as much from it as possible, and to do it as quickly as possible.

As for "frogs and the lower animals," the question of their pain was not worth a moment's consideration ; and he thus told in his own words about that little selective point in his method and the reasons for it :—

Why do you not chloroform a dog?—I chloroform a cat because I am afraid of being scratched.

Why not a dog?—If it is a small dog, there is no fear of being bitten by the dog.

After this, we confess we hardly know what to make of Dr. Klein's caustic remark, interjected in correcting his evidence, on the superiority of public opinion abroad to that in England. "It assumes,"

he writes, "that men of science, like men in general, have *conscience* enough not needlessly to hurt brute animals."

Here science and *con*science are very much alike—especially Pompey; and Dr. Klein is an undoubted discoverer in philology, as in morals and physiology. And doubtless it was with a special view to such frank confessions that Sir William Gull drew out his axiom: "Knowledge is always humane; it is only ignorance that is cruel;" —which the lay reader *might* logically enough construe to the sad disadvantage of the scientific side of the medical profession.*

Such very different and opposing views of the susceptibility of animals to pain, naturally suggests to the mind of a simple, but it may be logical, layman, that if educated physiologists cannot come

* In the light of the above clear statements, it is somewhat surprising to read in the latest edition of the late Dr. Andrew Wynter's "Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers" (Hardwick & Bogue), the following sentence, "Vivisection, when it is performed, is done by the physiologist in his own study. The tortures endured by the animal whilst under the process of 'dissection' exist only in the imagination of the speakers [at the Congress of the S.P.C.A.] *Common* sense should have told them that, whilst we have such a thing as chloroform, an operator would not be likely to pursue his investigations amid the frantic struggles of agonized animals." But it is clear that either Dr. Wynter did not believe in the practice of a Dr. Klein, or in his plainness even as a remote possibility. And he was a medical man too.

to a closer agreement about such easy questions, much weight is not to be laid on more pretentious points. At any rate some doubt must occur to every mind about their right to be so dogmatic on benefits of a remote kind when they are so divided on what is immediate. The whole matter is complicated by the fact amply attested in evidence that many are now experimenting from mere curiosity or for the sake of abstract knowledge. Mr. G. H. Lewes, with an accent of deep regret, said, "One man discovers a fact, or publishes an experiment, and instantly all over Europe certain people set to work to repeat it. They will repeat it, and repeat it, and repeat it." Sir William Ferguson said, "The impression on my mind is, that these experiments are done frequently in a most reckless manner and (if known to the public) would bring the reputation of certain scientific men far below what it should be. I have reason to imagine that sufferings incidental to such operations are protracted in a very shocking manner." And then he proceeded to speak of the deadening and demoralising effect on the students, adding strength to what he said by quoting the opinion of Syme, who "lived to express an abhorrence of such operations, at all events if they were not useful." Dr. Haughton, of Dublin,

said he would shrink with horror from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals under vivisection. He believed that many of them would become cruel and hardened, and would go away and repeat these experiments recklessly. Science would gain nothing, and the world would have let loose upon it *a set of young devils.* Professor Rolleston stated that Haller—a very famous physiologist—"in his old age fell into a permanent anguish of conscience, reproaching himself for his vivisections," and similar cases of others were cited.

Evidence clearly showed that in various large university towns hundreds of dogs and cats were procured, not always fairly, and operated upon by the students in their own rooms. The alleged sufferings of the poor animals, left often for whole nights to pine and die in dark closets, were indescribable. Students are not likely to escape the hardening process thus indicated by Dr. Walker as taking place in a professor.

An observation which first brought to my notice the hardening effect of habit, both moral and physical, was this. I used to dine very often with a lecturer in physiology, and one night I found that I could not enjoy either my cigar or my dinner, because the day before we had gone through the laboratory, and I could not get rid of the imploring looks of the dogs, which hoped for some food every time that they saw a human being, the patient

suffering of the fowls, and of the desperate efforts made by some rabbits to allay the pangs of hunger with anything to engage the digestion; and it appeared to me that my friend was indifferent. He had been a vivisector some years: I was a beginner.

"When I studied at Göttingen," writes Schopenhauer, the Pessimist, "Blumenbach (the celebrated physiologist) in his lectures used to speak very seriously of the horrors of vivisection, pointing out what a cruel and terrible thing it is; for that reason one ought to repair to it most rarely, and only in investigations promising *important and immediate* results. Even in such cases the operation ought to take place with full publicity in the large lecture room, and after an invitation to all medical students, in order to derive the greatest possible benefit from this cruel sacrifice on the altar of science. Now-a-days every quack thinks himself entitled to perpetrate in his torture-chamber the most revolting cruelty to animals, in order to decide problems, the solution of which may be read in books into which he is too lazy or too ignorant to poke his nose. . . . Nobody is entitled to employ vivisection, unless he knows perfectly what may be found in books on the subject of his investigation."

And this same unexpected authority on this side, elsewhere says:—

"Mercy applies to enemies and malefactors, not to a good and faithful animal, which is frequently the nourisher of its master. Not mercy, justice is due to the beast."

But the use of anæsthetics raises a further point. Sir Charles Bell and other operators have declared that results were varied and conflicting. "After many fruitless efforts," says M. Legallois, "to throw light on this mysterious subject, I resolved to abandon vivisection, not without regret at having sacrificed so many animals and lost very much time." The old Roman physician, Celsus, says—for vivisection applied to human malefactors was in vogue in his time: "Of the things sought for by these cruel practices, some are altogether beyond the reach of human knowledge, and others could be ascertained without the aid of such nefarious means. The appearances and conditions of the parts of a living body, thus examined, must be wholly different from what they are in their natural state. If we can, and not seldom by external observation, perceive in the entire and uninjured body remarkable changes produced from fear, pain, hunger, weariness and a thousand other affections, how much greater must be the changes induced by the dreadful wounds and cruel mangling

of the dissector, in external parts, whose structure is far more delicate, and which are placed in circumstances altogether unnatural." Now, if there was any truth in this position, as against vivisection of the human body, how much more directly must it bear against such experiments on animals, seeing that difference in structure must reduce the chances of light being thrown on human physiology. Chloroform too, is only a further disturbing element as inducing modifications so special to itself that an additional element of untrustworthiness is communicated to any results obtained under its influence.

Mr. Hamerton in his "Chapters on Animals," *seems* somewhat too severe on the manner in which scientific men gratify their instinct for destruction under the plea of the necessity of securing specimens. We fancied we were severe till we read the following from the pen of a naturalist, who sojourned in the Malouine Islands: "The baker-bird is so tame that it will almost fly upon the finger: *in less than half-an-hour I killed ten with a small switch, and almost without changing my position.* It scratches in the goëmons *(fucus)* which the sea throws on the beach, and there eats worms and small shrimps, which they call sea-fleas *(puces de mer).* Its flight is short; when disturbed, it con-

tents itself with flying two or three paces further off. Its habits are solitary."

What a thing to record! He killed ten of the innocent trustful birds without changing his position. A blush rises to our cheek as we read, for the heartless cruelty of this so-called scientific mind! Why, he didn't have the excuse of risk, which is the sportsman's justification! No, not even the enlivening plea of exercise, or of dash in the pursuit. It was massacre in cold blood of the most contemptible kind, and of the ten which he secured, no higher purpose was served so far as eight were concerned, than in the case of that lady, who killed a hundred robin red-breasts that she might tack their feathers on her dress fitly to personate Winter at a fancy ball.

We have always felt that the much-talked-of advantage to be gained from freedom in such matters was problematic. Even although all the knowledge that can possibly be realised by such experiments were in our hands to-day, is it quite an ascertained fact that it would be a gain to the world if it were at the cost of the hardening of the moral nature in most of those who took part in them or witnessed them—in those, too, the bulk of whom are hereafter to be "healers?" It has been

urged that the good of humanity which the vivisectionists, so they say, alone have in view, is supreme in the matter—their argument pretty well covering the same ground as that taken by Dr. Michael Foster in his calm and able article in the volume of *Macmillan's Magazine*, for 1876. The good of the whole, they say, is what justifies, and must justify, destruction of great numbers of the lower creatures, and such experiments as are necessary to the progress of medical science. Apart from the question whether these experiments are fruitful or are barren, as Sir C. Bell and others had confessed that their experiments on living animals had been, it still remains doubtful, as we hold, what is absolutely the good of the whole. Suppose medical science to reach a secret which would secure the life of each individual, on the average, up to seventy years, only at the cost, or even at the risk merely, of dulling those sensibilities and sympathies which are pre-eminently the glory of humanity, some men might still doubt whether the gift would prove in the end a blessing. All arguments of this kind, in one word, rest on assumptions that imply omniscience, and the only safe corrective to such a tendency is to be found in the sense of present duty and right. "Do not evil that good may come," is

easily translated into practical application in "Be not cruel to a beast to-day in view of the problematic healing of men and women months or years hereafter;" and certainly the descriptions of the animals while under experiment give the impression that great pain must be suffered by many of them. "Do not hurt an ant, which draws a grain of corn," says the Eastern sage, "for it has life, and this sweet life is dear to it."

ROBERT BURNS AS A CELT.

THERE was one thing in Mr. Stopford Brooke's admirable and characteristic "Primer of English Literature" which very much astonished us. As we read we fancied we must have misconceived his words, and had failed for some element in intelligence. We thought of Douglas Jerrold's appeal to his wife in the case of Mr. Browning's "Sordello;" but, unfortunately, our remedy towards self-composure and self-satisfaction was not so immediate. And this, although we have always read Mr. Stopford Brooke with the greatest refreshment and pleasure. His "Religion of the Poets" was at once instructive and exhilarating. Nothing finer could well be said for Wordsworth than he said there. Our difficulty arose from the manner in which Mr. Stopford Brooke has expressed himself about Robert Burns and the Celtic spirit. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has ex-

hausted the Celtic spirit, has dealt with Mr. Stopford Brooke's Primer, and praised it, and has not said a word about the Celtic spirit and Robert Burns. Therefore we humbly venture to state our difficulty, and also to give some reasons for qualifying in our own mind. Mr. Stopford Brooke writes at one part of his Primer :—

The first of the Celtic elements in poetry is *the love of wild nature for its own sake. There is a passionate, close, and poetical observation and description of natural scenery in Scotland from the earliest time of its poetry, such as we do not possess in English poetry till the time of Wordsworth.* The second is *the love of colour.* All early Scottish poetry differs from English in the extraordinary way in which colour is insisted on, and at times in the lavish exaggeration of it. The third is *the wittier, more rollicking humour* in the Scottish poetry, which is *distinctly Celtic in contrast with that humour which has its root in sadness and which belongs to the Teutonic races.* Few things are really more different than the humour of Chaucer and the humour of Dunbar, than the humour of Cowper and the humour of Burns. These are the special Celtic elements in the Lowland poetry.

Its national elements came into it from the circumstances under which Scotland rose into a separate kingdom. The first of these is the strong, almost fierce assertion of national life. The English were as national as the Scots, and felt the emotion of patriotism as strongly. But they had no need to assert it; they were not oppressed. But for nearly forty years the Scotch resisted for their very life the efforts of England to conquer them. And the war of freedom left its traces on their poetry from Barbour to Burns and Walter Scott

in the almost obtrusive way in which Scotland, and Scottish liberty, and Scottish heroes are thrust forward in their verse. Their passionate nationality appears in another form in their descriptive poetry. The natural description of Chaucer, Shakespeare, or even Milton, is not distinctively English. But in Scotland it is always the scenery of their own land that the poets describe. Even when they are imitating Chaucer, they do not imitate his conventional landscape. They put in a Scotch landscape, and in the work of such men as Gawin Douglas the love of Scotland and the love of nature mingle their influences together to make him sit down, as it were, to paint, with his eye on everything he paints, a series of Scotch landscapes. It is done without any artistic composition; it reads like a catalogue, but it is work which stands quite alone at the time he wrote. There is nothing even resembling it in England for centuries after.

There is one more special element in early Scottish poetry which arose, I think, out of its political circumstances. All through the struggle for freedom, carried on as it was at first by small bands under separate leaders till they all came together under a leader like Bruce, a much greater amount of individuality, and a greater habit of it, was created among the Scotch than among the English. Men fought for their own hand and lived in their own way. Every little Border chieftain, almost every Border farmer was, or felt himself to be, his own master. The poets would be likely to share in this individual quality, and, in spite of the overpowering influence of Chaucer, to strike out new veins of poetic thought and new methods of poetic expression. And this is what happened. Long before forms of poetry like the short pastoral or the fable had appeared in England, the Scottish poets had started them. They were less docile imitators than the English, but their

work in the new forms they started was not so good as after English work in the same forms.

We have quoted this passage complete because, apart from the point with which we are more particularly concerned, it is wise and discriminating; but we must, for consistency, set down this other, specially noting the words put into italics :—

One element, the element of the passion of love, had been on the whole absent from our poetry since the Restoration. It was restored by Robert Burns. In his love songs we hear again, only with greater truth of natural feeling, the same music which in the age of Elizabeth enchanted the world. It was as a love-poet that he began to write, and the first edition of his poems appeared in 1786. But he was not only the poet of love, but also of the new excitement about man. Himself poor, he sang the poor. Neither poverty nor low birth made a man the worse—the man was "a man for a' that." He did the same work in Scotland in 1786 which Crabbe began in England in 1783, and Cowper in 1785, and it is worth remarking how the dates run together. As in Cowper, so also in Burns, the further widening of human sympathies is shown in the new tenderness for animals. The birds, sheep, cattle, and wild creatures of the wood and field fill as large a space in the poetry of Burns as in that of Wordsworth and Coleridge. *He carried on also the Celtic elements of Scotch poetry, but he mingled them with others specially English.* The rattling fun of the "Jolly Beggars" and "Tam o'Shanter" is united to a life-like painting of human character which is peculiarly English. *A certain large gentleness of feeling often made his wit into that true humour which is more English than Celtic*, and the passionate pathos of such

poems as "Mary in heaven" is connected with this vein of humour, and is also more English than Scotch. The special nationality of Scotch poetry is stronger in Burns than in any of his predecessors, but it is also mingled with a larger view of man than the merely national one. Nor did he fail to carry on the Scotch love of nature, though he shows the English influence in using natural description not for the love of nature alone, but as a background for human love. It was the strength of his passions and the weakness of his moral will which made his poetry and spoilt his life. Of the three men he had most genius, but the poetical motives he supplied us with are fewer than those supplied by Cowper.

Mr. Stopford Brooke does not seem to have distinctly grasped the idea that there is in Scotland a Celtic people and a Lowland or anti-Celtic people, and that, though many of the elements which distinguish the two races have kindly met and become interblended in literature, they may, nevertheless, for critical purposes be clearly distinguished. And it is scarcely possible that he could have been unhappier in his illustration. Burns may have brought into Scottish literature qualities "especially English," he certainly was not a Celt and illustrated as few of the Celtic qualities in his poetry as any great Scotchman. It is well pointed out by Alexander Smith that he had no love whatever of scenery or of "wild nature for its own sake," which Mr. Stopford Brooke himself has just marked as

the first chief characteristic of Celtic poetry; and certainly he showed none of that brooding melancholy, wedding itself with glamour and mystery, which is above all peculiar to the Celtic imagination. He paints nature, but it is only for the sake of the human figures which interest and excite him. He was subject to reactions, of course —that is merely saying that he was a poet and had strong passions—but in his poetry itself there is no trace of the languor, the mystic *Heimweh*, the longing for the unsealment of mysteries, and the far outlook into nature for answering voices there, which we humbly take it are the secrets at once of the beauty and the unadaptibility of Celtic poetry to modern times. Now, Burns was—though it seems paradoxical to say it—dramatic rather than lyrical, that is, he described a wide range of human experience and passion, and, generally, his own specific meditations and experiences only indirectly tinge his poetry. In Tannahill, for example, you see the opposite. If there was anything specifically Celtic in Burns we should say it was the "large gentleness of feeling" which Mr. Stopford Brooke declares to be more English than Celtic. And when Mr. Stopford Brooke speaks of Celtic humour as the "wittier and more rollicking," we apprehend

anew and more keenly, the almost unspeakable benefit that Professor Blackie has done to us, in his efforts to found that *much-needed* Celtic chair.

One who had good opportunities of observing for himself the contrasted traits of Celt and Saxon, has indirectly given his testimony on that head in a letter which is full of humour, and will well serve to illustrate our position here—illustrate it better than even M. Taine's vigorous pictures of the rough-feeding and the rough-talk and joking of the Saxons, to which the mass of readers can easily go for themselves :—

Last Wednesday (this witness writes) I was at the annual Cattle Fair, held there at an undulating moor a mile out of the town. It was a fine day for once, and it was rather a good scene. *The Celt is too grave a character to make a good fair, however, there wasn't the amount of laughing, sweet-hearting, shrieking of herd lads to bewildered collies, nor yet the same amount of "Krames" and tents that are absolutely necessary to produce a decent south-country or Lowland (for instance, Lammas) Fair.* However, there was a great deal of galloping of wild-eyed, blue-bonnetted or unbonnetted, duddy, dishevelled Gaels, upon furious demented-looking and equally dishevelled ponies of diminutive stature, long-maned and pot-bellied. And there was a great deal of blue homespun, and Gaelic streamed in all directions. There were two showmen—one with the gigantic title of the "Olympic Arena." The other had no name, but consisted of waxwork and a piper. He had an intimation (how beautifully Geordie would

have read it), hung outside, in his own printing, and more by token, of his own composition. This interesting document was to this effect:—

≡ The . Public . is . invitted . to . sea . Her . Most . Gracious . Magisty . Queen . Victoria . in . wax . work . as . large . as . Lif . and . other . curiosaties. ≡ .

N.B.—The periods and the flourishes are the showman's. . . . The most striking feature of the whole fair, however, was the din made by a multitude of male urchins who flitted about with baskets and shrieked "Ar-au-Criahe!" in the extremest and most piercing falsetto. It is pronounced 'Ar-au-Cree,' and on my appearance, or that of any one with a coat *not* blue, the mystic words were translated into English, and turned out to be Ginger-bread!"*

So that even a commonplace Highland cattle-market with "pownies," and "stirks," and sheep dogs, and dishevelled Highland herd lads, in the pages of the Scottish Probationer, bears witness against Mr. Stopford Brooke, when he speaks of the "more rollicking (!) humour in the Scottish poetry, which is distinctly Celtic in contrast with that humour which has its root in sadness, and which belongs to the Teutonic races." As if sadness was in any way a trait of Chaucer by which he could be contrasted with Dunbar, or as if John Gilpin could be posed in that respect *against* Burn's "Jolly Beggars" or "Willie brewed a peck o' maut!"

* Life of a Scottish Probationer. By James Brown, D.D. Page 95-96. first Edition.

This is the passage in Alexander Smith's sketch of Burns, already referred to, so good in every way that it is worth quoting:—

> Burns had to sweat in the eye of Phœbus, and about all he writes there is an out-of-doors feeling. Although conversant with sunrises and sunsets, the processes of vegetation, and all the shows and forms of nature, he seldom or never describes these things for their own sakes: they are always kept in subordination to the central human interest. Burns cared little for the natural picturesque in itself—the moral picturesque touched him more nearly. An old soldier in tattered scarlet interested him more than an old ruin; he preferred a gnarled character to a gnarled tree. The ridges of Arran haunt Ayrshire—Burns must daily have seen them from his door at Mossgiel—and yet, to this striking object in his range of vision, there is not a single allusion in his letters and poems.

No: it was the dramatic instinct, as we take it—the power of passing from one mood or mind to another, and submerging in the swiftness of the movement all personal traits, that made the greatness of Burns. There is no over-refinement or "magic," or unearthly fascination in him; and in all this he is the very antipodes of the Celtic poet.

We shall never forget how, years ago, we came on a passage in one of De Quincey's less known autobiographic essays, which inferentially throws light on this matter. He was telling of his meeting, as a schoolboy from Manchester, with Mr. Roscoe,

and Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns, at Liverpool, and how he was moved by the tone of high Tory patronage which prevailed in that circle with respect to Burns' political ideas; and he goes on to say :—

On this view of the case I talked then, being a schoolboy, with and against the first editor of Burns; I did not, and do not, profess to admire the letters (that is, the prose), all or any, of Burns. I felt that they were liable to the charges of Lord Jeffrey, and to others besides; that they do not even express the natural vigour of Burns' mind, but are at once vulgar, tawdry, coarse and commonplace; neither was I a person to affect any profound sympathy with the general character and temperament of Burns, which has often been described as "of the earth, earthy;"—*unspiritual,—animal—beyond those of most men equally intellectual.* But still I comprehended his situation. I had for ever ringing in my ears, during that summer of 1801, those groans which ascended to heaven from his overburdened heart,—those harrowing words, "to give him leave to toil," which record almost a reproach to the ordinances of God,—and I felt that upon him, amongst all the children of labour, the primeval curse had fallen heaviest and sunk deepest.

"*Unspiritual—animal*," alas! that was Burns' differentiating mark. Great by genius, yet sorrowful by an earthly nature: the spirit never rose up to its height, saying here I stand, king of a world above the senses, and my rule is here. This the Celtic poet does (see Mr. Matthew Arnold, who praised Mr. Stopford Brooke's Primer, and said not a word

about its heresies or novelties on the Celtic element), by the very fact that he is a Celtic poet, though his world may be a world of shadows. He is king there by a right natural and divine, however poorly he may fare for the indifferent outside paraphernalia on which he avows he does not much depend, whereas Burns while he *professed* to despise these was as utterly dependent upon them, full of small jealousies and hungry grudges: a great poet, one of the very greatest; but a miserable, much-divided man—"unspiritual,—animal," and therefore nothing of a Celt.

The glow of passion in Burns goes uncorrected by the meditative efflux which in the Celt colours all things, especially love, imparting to it a mild moonlike, and it may be somewhat misty, but also happily a steady and an abiding lustre. The Celt is not the child of reaction in the sense that Burns was, simply because he is the child of phantasy; Burns was the child of reaction, because phantasy was inefficient in him, and though he thought deeply, it was with intenseness and a kind of harsh haste. He did not dwell with soft lovingness on his own thoughts, as the Celtic poet must do, finding in them a refuge from outward evils. They were as a rushing storm both outside and inside him, which

was, in one word, his weakness and the cause of his fall ; he could not speak as one Celtic poet does of meditation sweetly tempering phantasy, and phantasy moderating and giving pause to judgment. His faculties seem to act each by itself, taking no account of others. When he is sensuous, he is sensuous only ; when he is in a religious mood it would seem as if he was only religious. His satire is often unqualified by any humane touch ! This is, in so far, what Mr. Taine means when he writes :—

> Burns cries out in favour of instinct and enjoyment, so thoroughly, as to seem epicurean, and only epicurean. He has genuine gaiety, a glow of jocularity, ; laughter commends itself to him ; he praises it as well as the good suppers of good comrades, where wine is plentiful, pleasantry abounds, ideas pour forth, poetry sparkles, and causes a carnival of beautiful figures, and good-humoured people to move about in the human brain.

MADAME DE STAËL.

ANYONE who has read that part of the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller respecting the visit of Madame de Staël to Weimar must have derived a very high impression of her tact and character, even though not a sentence of her own writings should have been read. The poetical magnates of Germany were both inclined to give her the go-by; they fancied she bore too much the character of a modern newspaper interviewer. Besides, they were then very busy on schemes in which both had a keen interest. They would rather she had not come. Goethe sulked a little, in fact, and went out of the way to be free. Schiller was reserved and distant, and only yielded out of pure gallantry to spend a little time in her society. Yet she soon made him feel at ease with her, in spite of his lack of quickness at French, and risk of misunderstand-

ings and awkwardness ; and when Goethe, at length *summoned by the Duke to the Weimar Court to meet her*, did come face to face, he had to acknowledge that he enjoyed it, that she interested him, and excited his curiosity. Jean Paul let out, in his review of her "D'Allemagne" when it came later, that the same feelings had been nursed a little at all events by others. Dr. Stevens has treated well all these matters, and indeed, has very efficiently done his work.

Madame de Staël was born in 1766, the daughter of M. Necker, of Geneva, whose father again had been Prussian. Her mother was the daughter of a Swiss pastor, a woman of great grace, attractiveness, and force of character, else scarcely could she, while young, have fascinated Edward Gibbon, the historian, who "sighed as a lover, and obeyed as a son," as he says, and to the end of his life remained unmarried, acknowledging that she was the only woman he had ever truly loved ; through her grandmother again, who was French, she derived some of her most commanding qualities, gaiety, wit, and colloquial readiness. It is interesting to note such things as these in such a case as that of Madame de Staël ; for, like the red strands, which we learn are twisted into the cables of the British Admiralty, absolutely

to identify them at any point they may be cut, we see inherited natural characteristics appear and re-appear throughout her career. From her mother's side Madame de Staël thus drew that gaiety, that wit, that *espieglerie*, which might have seemed common-place in itself had it not been associated with German subtlety, thoroughness, and the power patiently to deal with details, and yet to rise to the highest region of principles, and to touch and idealise them by imagination; and, further, the Swiss self-devotion, patriotism, fervour, the power to renounce ease and comfort for the sake of convictions strongly held. Bacon says, "there is no beauty which hath not some strangeness in the proportion;" and the axiom recurs to us, as we think of the mingled strains which met in the character of Madame de Staël. The literary interest that circles round her name would suffice to make her take high rank amongst the famous women of all times. She wrote "Delphine." She wrote "Corinne." In them she clearly showed the power of wedding deep reflection with ideal glow, with warmth, with French *esprit* and charm. But this many Frenchwomen have done. Madame de Sévigné in former, and Madame Sand in more recent times, might both claim to be ranked high in this regard. But Madame

de Staël's works will never be completely or even clearly read, apart from the story of her life; the works, indeed, are the sufficing commentaries upon the life; read apart from it, they are not seen in full light, and some of the links of vital connection cannot be realised. The service that Dr. Stevens has here done to literary students is thus as great as that he has performed for the memory of Madame de Staël. Till now, there has been no adequate biography of this master-spirit in any language—a defect the greater for the reason we have noted: the presence of a strong lyrical and autobiographical element in all her writings. Dr. Stevens says:—

> I have not been able to find, in any language, anything like an adequate biography of Madame de Staël—a woman who, more than any other (not excepting Madame Roland), represents her epoch, and that the epoch of the modern history of Europe. The best of French critics, Sainte-Beuve, has accorded to her this pre-eminence.

She not only lived and observed through the Terror of the Revolution; she was active, as it was her nature to be, in such a crisis, and when Napoleon, whom at first she had welcomed, rose to the highest place, as first Consul, and later as Emperor, she seeing the duplicity and meanness of his nature, and the demoralising effect his rule must have, not only

on France, but on the world, true to herself, she declined to bow down before him, or to prostitute her powers to his service. In preference to such prostitution, with wealth, influence, and honour as payment; she accepted exile and dishonour, and was content for many years to drag out a weary life at a distance from the society her quick sympathies made her so eagerly crave. During this period, too, it was that she made intimate acquaintance with Russia, and parts of Germany, as well as England. It is because of these things, and the noble spirit in which she acted, that she has a claim to a high place on the roll of heroic women as well as of women of genius. It is impossible for us in the short space now at our disposal, to do aught worthy in a substantive form to reinforce our views; but we may take up one or two points, and signalise them by means of little extracts from Dr. Stevens' book, which will suffice faintly to indicate our meaning here. The following passage is valuable as giving us a glimpse of her self-denying conduct in the Terror—the more valuable as the testimony occurs in company with a picture of the kind of society she drew round her when in England, and of the Meikleham meetings. Dr. Stevens writes :—

Talleyrand is the wit of the circle. Madame de Châtre

is described as "thirty-two years old, of an elegant figure; well read, full of *esprit*, very charming;" Narbonne as "about forty, rather fat, but he would be handsome were it not for a squint in one eye. M. de Jancourt "is far from handsome, but has a very intelligent countenance, fine teeth, and is very expressive." He tells the English guests the story of Madame de Staël's heroism in rescuing him and others from the guillotine in Paris. "This lady," he says, "who was seven months gone with child, was indefatigable in her efforts to save everyone she knew from the dreadful massacres. She walked daily (for carriages were not then allowed in the streets), to the Hôtel de Ville, and was frequently shut up for five hours with the horrible wretches who composed the committee of *surveillance* by whom these murders were directed; and, by her eloquence and the consideration demanded by her rank and talents, she obtained the deliverance of above twenty unfortunate prisoners, some of whom she knew but slightly."

Madame de Staël is the cynosure of these conversazioni. If Talleyrand excels all in *bon mots* and epigrams, she dazzles all by the splendid variety and happy pertinence of her ideas, the richness of her style, and the generous enthusiasm of her sentiments. At one time she thrills the company by her passionate recitation of a tragedy; at another she entertains them, and particularly commands the applause of Talleyrand, by reading the first chapter of her work on the influence of the passions on the happiness of individuals and of nations, one of her most elaborate productions to which she now devoted occasional hours, but which was not published till the beginning of 1796.

Of Napoleon's harsh, cruel, and despotic character, we have many traces in these volumes. He could respect nothing that did not bend low before his

demands—genius was criminal if it would not submit directly to serve him. While Goethe was cringing and flattering him, Madame de Staël submitted to banishment and shame; and from her banishment from all the circles in which she found congenial society, we find her writing thus to the Emperor:—

Ten years have passed since I have seen your Majesty; during eight of them I have been exiled. As I am soon to embark for America, I entreat your Majesty to permit me to speak to you before I depart. I will allow myself but a single subject in this letter. It is the explanation of the motives which induce me to leave the continent, if I do not obtain your permission to live in a country home near enough to Paris to render it convenient for my children to reside there. Persons in disgrace with your Majesty suffer from that fact throughout Europe. I cannot take a step without encountering its consequences; some of my friends fear to compromise themselves by seeing me; others defiantly brave that fear. The most ordinary relations of society thus become services that a proud soul cannot endure. I have passed my life for eight years between the fear of not obtaining these sacrifices and the pain of being their object. My sons are without careers; my daughter is thirteen years old; in a few years it will be necessary to establish her in life. It would be selfishness for me to force her to live with me in my banishment; is it then necessary to separate me from her? This life is not tolerable, and I see no remedy for it. What city on the Continent can I choose where my disgrace will not produce insurmountable obstacles to the settlement of my children, as well as to my personal repose?

The prompt answer to this appeal was the destruction of the whole edition of her book and her banishment from the entire territories of France.

Well may Dr. Stevens add, with that touch of enthusiasm which is so becoming in a biography, and surely most becoming in this case:—

> The sublime integrity of her conscience, amidst this agitation and anguish of her woman's heart, is proved by the fact that she could have saved herself at any moment by compromising with Napoleon; for Schlegel attested after her death that he (now in exile at Berne) "received from a public functionary semi-official notice to relieve her exile, on condition that she would write something in favour of Buonaparte's dynasty, but her soul revolted at the proposition." "She would not devote a line," he adds, "to the eulogy of tyranny; she resolved rather to seek refuge in England, across Russia and Sweden."

But we turn gratefully from the episode of tyranny and her experience of it to more pleasant matters. Here is one very attractive picture of Madame de Staël, as we may say, in her element; for, while her Swiss integrity and heroic temper made her dare a tyrant, her love of taste and beauty and the need of being loved, made it all the harder for her to act as she did:—

> When she entered a *salon*, her step was, according to her cousin's sketch, measured and dignified; a slight diffidence seemed to require her to aim at self-control, especially if her introduction attracted many eyes. As if

this passing cloud of embarrassment had prevented her from distinguishing at first the individuals of the company, her face became illuminated in proportion as she recognised them. A listener would suppose that she had inscribed on her mind all their names, and very soon those charming words of which she was so generous, showed that the most distinguished acts or qualities of each were pleasant to her thoughts. Her praises proceeded from the heart, and therefore reached it. She knew how to compliment without flattering. It was a maxim with her that politeness is the orb of choosing among one's real thoughts.

Her whole demeanour was marked by a disposition to oblige; there were abundant wit and vivid repartee, but no chicanery, and especially, no severity in her expressions. Her cordiality reposed silence on self-love, and her superior sense imposed it on self-conceit; but pride itself could not feel resentful towards her, for her perfect sincerity and instructive kindliness and good humour won all hearts. A writer who knew her in her childhood and in her advanced life says that 'among her most remarkable qualities her *bonhomie* held perhaps the first rank.' This extraordinary conciliatory power, united to an intellectual superiority which seldom fails to provoke envious criticism, was doubtless much enhanced by a certain tenderness and sadness, which habitually affected her thoughts, and often appeared suddenly in her gayest conversation. Her sensibilities were quicker even than her thoughts. Society, conversation were a necessity of her nature; she needed distraction, for a certain pensiveness, not to say melancholy, hung continually about her; it was mitigated by years, but was never totally dispelled. It was a powerful element of her genius, and gave rich poetic colouring to her writings.

Dr. Stevens is not always wholly reliable when

dealing with historical characters and incidents only indirectly related to his main theme. For example, he gives some wrong impressions about Herder (and here he goes hand-in-hand with Mr. Baring-Gould) when speaking about Madame de Staël's visit to Weimar. It is very far wrong under any kind of colour to give the impression that Herder was in sympathy with the conduct which has led Mr. Baring-Gould to speak of the "moral cloaca" of Weimar. The opposition in which he stood to all that, indeed, formed the misery of his life in a portion from which he found it next to impossible to escape. Goethe in after days endeavour to discredit Herder by calling him querulous and ill to do with. But Herder's upbringing, poor though it had been, was pure ; and his ideas of domestic duty were constantly shocked by what he heard and saw. This accounts for much of the fretfulness which was observed by those who came into contact with Herder in those days; and we can easily understand that a temperament like Herder's divided against itself, and compelled to condemn those who had benefited did not sometimes in these circumstances exhibit itself in a wholly attractive light. But this should be distinctly understood that it was because he would have no part or lot in creating the "moral cloaca."

And Dr. Stevens is far too favourable, in our view, to Madame Krudener, who to the end carried something of the insincere taint of her earlier life, justifying the remarks of one incisive critic who aptly said that she was an "inferior Madame Guyon," and that "a sort of tuft-hunting quietism was hers."

SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

ONE of the most remarkable facts in relation to Shakespeare is that the exceedingly proper or over-religious critics have come almost to a meeting-point with the purely irreligious and sceptical critics on the subject of Biblical reference. Most ingenious attempts have been made to prove that Shakespeare must have been a lawyer, that he must have been a sailor, that he must have travelled in Scotland, and so on. There may be much doubt about such points as these; but on one yet more important point there cannot be much doubt. It does not need a very long study of our great dramatist to realise fully that he was an attentive student of Scripture, and that certain elements in it had laid close hold of his imagination. Bishop Wordsworth, in his admirable book, "Shakespeare's

Knowledge and Use of the Bible," which we have now before us, in its third edition, has done a great service in ably and systematically arranging the most outstanding coincidences, correspondences, or similarities of word, thought, or figure; and his book would of itself go far to remove any doubt that might be felt about Shakespeare's indebtedness to the Bible. The Bishop well writes :—

> The main object of the publication having been to vindicate the name of Shakespeare from the slur cast upon him most undeservedly, as though he had been one who treated the Word of God without due respect, and even with "profaneness," the author cannot but desire that some few at least of the innumerable readers of our immortal bard in the rising generation should still be enabled to judge for themselves, not only of the injustice he has suffered from such a reproach, but of the credit he deserves for the homage paid by him to Holy Scripture, in a most remarkable degree, through the manner in which he has recommended and enforced the solemn truths and lessons which it contains.

Now, this is precisely the point which we wish to reach. By the improvers of Shakespeare after the Bowdler order, we have it impressed upon us that Shakespeare used Scripture very improperly, irreverently — that he was, in fact, something of a sneerer — and they have in too many cases been guilty of mutilating and destroying some of the most beautiful, pathetic, and suggestive passages

of Shakespeare, simply because those passages had distinct Scripture references. They simply regarded him as unentitled to make use of Scripture in the way he had done. From another point of view, certain sceptics have in effect said the same thing, and join the Bowdlerisers in the last result to depreciate Shakespeare. Voltaire, as every one knows, spoke of Shakespeare as "a drunken savage," as one who could not rise above the prejudices of English life, and who was, in a word, a Philistine, who went to church and read the Bible, and wrote plays which were half sermons, and did not understand the law of *L'Art pour l'Art.* That was surely a peculiar position to take : yet it was taken. Shakespeare moralised too much, he preached too much, he was romantic, he defied classical rule. Nothing could more confirm him in his rudeness, his formlessness, his barbarous lack of style, and *strict* disregard of all the "unities." How could the stage admit of references distinctively Christian without injury to the classic ideal ? It was impossible. "Drunken savage" alone was the fit epithet for such a monster. And it is remarkable, too, that while Voltaire was thus deprecating Shakespeare in France, Lessing (who, in the minds of some critics so much resembled

Voltaire) was striving to restore him to the place of highest authority in Germany, and laying weight on the *humane* religious sentiment by which Shakespeare was penetrated — a point which Lessing was, of all things, qualified to appreciate and to make plain to others. And thus, through the element which appealed to humanity, and which stood for religious toleration and true liberality, Lessing transformed Shakespeare into a great artillery for breaking down the wall of conventionality in literature and the drama, which had been built up by the French influence under Gottsched and others. Looked at even from this point of view, the critical influence of Voltaire is directly in conflict with that of Lessing: here they stand opposed, precisely as they were opposed in the field of religion. Lessing, unlike Voltaire, though he hated dogma, would have despaired of a dramatic literature without humanity, without religious sentiment, without the aroma of toleration, of even-handed justice, which is its exterior face, as "sweet charity" is its inward one. How he would have smiled at the idea that a "drunken savage" could have written "The quality of mercy is not strained," or any of the truly humane passages pervaded by the spirit of a similar sentiment. Thus we

see how unjust it is to class Lessing and Voltaire together, as is too often done. With respect to Voltaire's position, the Bishop writes :—

Not a little remarkable is it that those only who have disputed the superior merit and excellency of our poet have also denied the value and authority of Holy Scripture. The disparagement of such judges—I allude especially to Voltaire and David Hume—is an additional confirmation of the otherwise unanimous panegyric with which he has been honoured. It will appear scarcely credible at the present day that the accepted *Historian of England*, in speaking of England's greatest poet, should have given vent to criticisms such as these :— "A striking peculiarity of sentiment . . . . . Shakespeare frequently hits : *a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold.* . . . . . It is vain we look [in him] for either purity or simplicity of diction. . . . . Both he and Ben Jonson were equally deficient in taste and elegance, in harmony and correctness. . . . . The English theatre has ever since taken a strong tincture of Shakespeare ; and *thence it has proceeded that the nation has undergone from all its neighbours* THE REPROACH OF BARBARISM, from which its valuable productions in some other parts of learning would otherwise have exempted it."

The author of these remarks upon Shakespeare has himself informed us that the volume which contained them, when first published, so far from being popular, was received "with one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and evén detestation," on account of its political views. Nor, if the rest of its contents had been equally erroneous with the passage which I have quoted, would it have deserved any better reception. And how did Hume console himself under the disappointment ? He

proceeded to write his "Natural History of Religion," in which he gave the world to understand that, as he had looked in vain in Shakespeare for *purity or simplicity of diction*, for *taste or elegance*, for *harmony or correctness*, so he had been unable to derive anything but "doubt, uncertainty, and suspense of judgment" from the written Word of God! The concluding remark of the passage quoted above, in which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are accused of having brought upon us "as a nation the reproach of barbarism from *all* our neighbours," is evidently founded upon the strictures of Voltaire, who not long before had characterised our poet as "a writer of monstrous farces, called by him tragedies," had pronounced Hamlet to be the work of "a drunken savage," and had attributed "barbarism and ignorance" to the nation by which he was admired. What the same French author also thought and wrote of Divine Revelation and of the profession of Christianity need not be told.

A SUGGESTION ABOUT BUDDHISM.

In some points we are compelled to say that Mr. Talboys Wheeler, in his short history of India, has grievously disappointed us. He has spared no investigation — he writes in a clear and effective, if far from brilliant, style — he has studied and analysed as few other writers have done, or probably could do, the old Indian epics—Mahabharata, Ramayana, &c., &c. From these he has, so to say, compiled as complete and continuous a history of the earlier ages of India as is perhaps possible. But truth to say he is not mystical; he does not approach a truth from the side of sensibility, but of intellect. His light is too often dry light; and he is apt, unconsciously, to set aside as inadmissible what is after all the most natural interpretation. His commentary on Buddha and Nirvana, how

commonplace it is—not a glimmer of insight beyond what has been dinned into our ears for years past by commonplace travellers, missionaries, and men of many grades of scholarship, and—the reverse.

The essence of Sakya Muni's teaching was that every one should strive to be good in thought, word, and deed; that by so doing he would be born to a better and happier life in the next birth. But he taught that those who were truly wise would also seek to attain a higher object namely, the deliverance of the soul from the chain of transmigrations. This, he maintained, could only be affected by leading the life of a religious mendicant; by rooting out every affection, passion, or desire; by severing every tie that bound the soul to the universe of being. When that end was accomplished, the soul would be detached from all life and being; it would be delivered or emancipated from the endless chain of transmigrations, and would finally sink into an eternal sleep or annihilation known as Nirvana.

Which is a *caput mortuum.* It is, we think demonstrable that, in spite of vagueness of terms what Nirvana meant was not at all annihilation, but identity with the Divine. If Mr. Wheeler had said that Buddha's desires were to escape from the miseries of life, which had been intensified by the ceaseless round of Brahmanic ceremonies, through the truly moral life that demanded a mystical basis, in spite of a determination not to recognise it, he would, we think, have come nearer the truth in a

few words than he has done in his many words; and if he had brought out clearly how, notwithstanding the intense strain of mysticism in Buddha himself, his teaching to his followers ever turned on practical duties, he would, in a word, have more effectively indicated than he has done the eternal value of his Gospel. Jesus Christ said that the man who preferred father and mother to him was not worthy of Him. Buddha said that to obey father and mother was better than to serve the gods of heaven and earth; and the approach of the two forms of teaching at the transcendental point is far closer than might be believed. The words of Christ asserting a continued identity—"I and the Father are one"—on one side touch, we may without irreverence say, the same side of the mystical ideal as that after which Buddha strove. Nirvana is constantly opposed to Sansara — the realm of change, illusion, coming and going. When Boehme said, "The man to whom eternity is as time, and time is as eternity, he is above all strife," had in his mind the identical thought. We ought not to isolate Nirvana, and view it apart from what was always held in contrast with it in Buddha's mind. In Nirvana was rest and stillness, and also simplicity and unity. These are the elements of a

complete and ideal life — the perfection of sensibility and thought, not of death and nothingness. Transmigration was of the essence of the Brahmanic creed; Buddhism proclaims a close to transmigration, and reasserts the soul as soul. So long as the soul can be reborn, it can die; to assert a point beyond which there was no rebirth was Buddha's way of again proclaiming immortality, pure and simple. A transmigration for individual existence was thus annihilated only in so far as it was dependent on evil or sensuous desires. Buddha held that Nirvana could be attained *here;* and so our Saviour said, "*The kingdom of God is within you.*" As for God, it would take a whole article to make clear Buddha's idea; but Nirvana was simply a re-union with Him.

Some close students of the development of thought in India have found in ideas like these the general solution of difficulties otherwise insurmountable in its progress from stage to stage, and one of them, to whom we must own indebtedness, has generally set forth thus the elementary conditions for any kind of interior comprehension of Brahminism and Buddhism :—

"In India the march of inquiry was directed by two impulses : the search for a unifying, for an

all-simplifying, principle, and the yearning to escape from transmigration, from the ceaseless series of re-embodiments, and all the miseries that waited the soul in birth after birth. The progress was qualified by the necessity of absorbing the earlier order of conceptions, of finding a place for the ancient theological imagery. The conciliation was effected by declaring that the gods and their worship belonged to the unreal, to the transmigratory *fieri* or illusory spheres of pleasure and pain, but yet that worship was the necessary preliminary of real Knowledge, as the only means of purifying the intellect of the aspirant for the reception of the truth. Let these three momenta of the Indian speculative procedure be carried in mind, and the reader will have no difficulty in understanding the complex texture of Indian cosmogonies." *

We firmly believe there is something to be said for such a view, without in the least straining Buddha's words ; but Mr. Wheeler's theory takes no note of the possibility of interpretation in this direction, and though his book is, on the whole, fitted to be useful, and to supply a want, it might have been thus far better, more sympathetic and more comprehensive.

* The Philosophy of the Upanishads," by A. E. Gough, in "Calcutta Review," 1878, page 1.

GEORGE HERBERT'S LOVE OF NATURE.

WHAT relation has passion and breadth of human nature to love of Nature in the modern sense? We are not aware of any very exact and satisfactory attempt to answer the question. It is noticeable, certainly, in the case of what may be called the *communicative* lover of nature—typified to us in such men as Ruskin and Thoreau—that we have a certain coldness or bloodlessness along with great enthusiasm and incapacity to find full enjoyment in Nature apart from some form of self-expression. But love of Nature in its last phase should promote reticence. Ruskin and Thoreau differ in much: Thoreau, it is true, seemed to have great reserve and self-restraint, where Ruskin seems to have little; but that may only be seeming; for measures of self-control are very difficult

to appraise, as not seldom more is taken out of the man who can maintain an aspect of self-support in a crisis than out of the man who more or less nervously yields under it. This, however, may safely be said that in all men of this type there is a certain pale and ineffectual fineness — a lack of passion in the common sense, and a kind of retreat from the acknowledgement of sexual desire. We might have named in this connection also William Cowper, and the Scottish poet, Thomas Aird, whose love of Nature and intimacy with animals were as express and characteristic as his poetic genius.

Our readers may, perhaps, be a little surprised when we say that some remarks of Dr. A. B. Grosart on George Herbert, have suggested these sentences. Mr. Grosart claims for Herbert that he was a great Nature-lover. Well, from one point of view and that which we have just noted, he ought to have been. If ever there was a poet without passion, bloodless and hermetic, we may say that George Herbert was. Let any one read the story of Herbert's courtship, and then say whether we are right or not. It may seem an odd way to illustrate the point, but it is at least as good as argument by inferences from his works, and quaint

Isaac Walton has taken care to make it possible to us. Read :—

"I shall now proceed to his marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both. He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all who knew him.

"These and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend, the Earl of Danby; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers, of Bainton, in the county of Wilts., England. This Mr. Danvers having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him, that *he* often and *publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters* (for he had so many), but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. *And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could*

like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a Platonic (!) as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

"*This was a fair preparation for a marriage;* but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dantsey. Yet some friends to both parties secured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such a possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist, insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this interview. This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies (!) such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before their interview, that *the suddenness was justified by the strictest rules of prudence.*" * And so certainly it would seem.

* Edition of 1824.

Now, this we hold proves our point about the remote and passionless character of Herbert. From this we might have argued some turn for love of Nature. But Herbert lived in an age when Nature was seen only through conceits, and whether from constitution or from power of custom, he never came close enough to it. A writer in *St. Paul's Magazine* indeed said that Herbert showed no love of Nature, and Dr. Grosart severely took him to task. With the writer in *St. Paul's*, we maintain, at the risk of re-exciting Dr. Grosart's ire, that Herbert does not show much love of Nature. Love of Nature as a sentiment in the sense that Laprade, say, uses it, Herbert showed little of. Nature is loved by him as a medium for communicating specific ideas rather than for itself.

> To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower,
> To hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And Eternity in an hour—

Which Mr. Grosart quotes as elucidating George Herbert's love of Nature, does not at all imply that either the grain of sand or the wild flower in itself is seen truly. Blake himself categorically asserted such was not the case,* and certainly what he here

* Blake declared, for example, that he did not see a round disc

meant was not what Mr. Grosart means when he quotes the verse as illustrative of Herbert's *direct love of Nature.* But clearly the writer in *St. Paul's*, on the other hand, went too far when he said that Herbert viewed this present world as "only base and utterly indifferent." But we can say this, and say too that Herbert's "knowledge of the sights and sounds of Nature" is often too *special* for Mr. Grosart's purpose. That very stanza quoted by Mr. Grosart attests it. The conception of Nature revealed in it is surely artificial—that of a gardener rather than a poet—though, be it noted, the *artificiality* is well used to convey a mood in which the devoutest feelings are just enough coloured by fancy to take without much effort, a ready rhythmic form :—

> Rain, *do not hurt my flowers*, but gently spend
> Your hony-drops; presse not to smell them here;
> When they are ripe their odour will ascend,
> And at your lodging with their thanks appeare.

The poem is full of this artificial conception : it is the artificial conception of Nature, indeed, used

of fire, when he looked at the sun rising, but an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty." And that this is no poetic figure, we find him writing deliberately, "Natural objects always did and do weaken and obliterate imagination in me," so that his verse can hardly be taken as bearing in the direction Mr. Grosart desires.

directly as a symbol to illuminate a great spiritual law—the law of providential compensation—lying far beyond special instances, but here brought to shake hands with them, that the humour, or rather the wit, arises from as it does in many other instances. Witness :—

> Bees work for man, and *yet they never bruise*
> *Their Master's flower, but leave it, having done,*
> As fair as ever and as fit for use ;
> So both the flower doth stay and honey run.

[Interjectionally we may say what a point Herbert would have made of the fertilization of plants !]

> Sheep eat the grasse, and *dung the ground for more ;*
> Trees after bearing drop their leaves *for soil ;*
> Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store ;
> Clouds cool by *heat and baths* by cooling boil.

Now the view here in the first two lines is that of the farmer as formerly we had that of the gardener; that of the second two is scientific, but still artificial and special ; but of the sentiment of nature pure and simple, as we find it in Wordsworth and Burns, we have very little. We call to mind many other phrases such as "slacknesse breeds worms," which shows *peculiar* knowledge ; nevertheless, though we run the very grave risk of being classed by Mr. Grosart among the "purblind critics," we cannot be

uncandid enough to pretend to see what we do not see—the sentiment of Nature proper in George Herbert—even at Mr. Grosart's bidding, and under such terrible penalties.

We read in Mr. Grosart's introduction :—

> There is this also to be borne in mind, that while the age's character influenced Donne and Herbert, their own minds were by nature adapted to the style of their age. The age fed and nourished their peculiarities, but did not create them. Their peculiar inborn character — as later in Thomas Fuller — were in harmony with those of the age. Hence, where there was no field for those peculiarities, Herbert and Donne failed; as the former in his "Psalms," the latter in his "Lamentations of Jeremiah!" By the way [another digression] with reference here to a quotation *onward*, from "Antiphon," as to Shakespeare having cast off his age's faults! there is surely need for qualification. His mind, too, was in character with that of his age, in the matter both of subtlety of thought and expression, and it was his excess of those and his genius that elevated what would in others have been faults into graces.

Now, certainly the tendency of Herbert's age was not towards love of Nature, as we now understand it, and as it is revealed to us in Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, and their followers, so that in claiming this so fully for Herbert, does not Mr. Grosart fall into the same error as that on which he makes a digression to set Mr. George MacDonald right respecting the world-poet Shakespeare, who, besides, lived in an age pre-eminently of revival and greatness?

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